

*Westminster Drollery,*  
THE  
SECOND PART;

BEING  
A Compleat Collection of all  
the Newest and Choicest SONGS  
and POEMS at COURT and  
both the THEATERS,

---

By the *Author* of the FIRST PART,  
and never Printed before,



L O N D O N,

Printed for William Gilbert at the Half-Moon in  
St. Pauls Church-yard, and Thomas Saw-  
bridge in Little Britain, 1672.

1878, Sept. 2.

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These to his honoured Freind,  
the Author of this Book, upon his  
*WESTMINSTER DROLLERT.*

**H**AVING perus'd your Book, I there do find  
The footsteps of a most Ingenious mind;  
Which (tracing) I ne're left, until I came  
Unto the knowledge of the Authors Name;  
Which having understood, I needs must show  
That due respect I to your Lines doe owe.  
How easie is it for a man to know  
Those Songs you made, from those Collected too?  
Towrs like Rich Vyands on a Table set,  
Invites all Pallats for to tast and eat;  
Th' others but garnish are, which only serve  
To feed a hungry stomach, least it starve;  
Towrs like the Sun, when he displayes his face,  
Obscures, and darkens Starrs of meaner Race:  
So Sir, in every thing you so transcend,  
That I could wish your Drolleries no end:

But least my youthfull Poetry should stray  
From their intentions, and so loose their way,  
I'll wish your fame may be as amply known  
As he desires, who speaks himself your own.

Ric: Mangie.

WESTL

# WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.

*The late Song at the Dukes House.*

**S** Ince we poor slavish women know  
Our men we cannot pick and choose;  
To him we like, why say we no?  
We both our time and labour loose:  
By our put offs, and fond delays,  
A Lovers Appetite we pall;  
And if too long the Gallant staves,  
His Stomack's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient Amorous guest  
Unknown to us away may steale,  
And rather than stay for a feast  
Take up with some course ready meale.

When opportunity is kind,  
Let prudent women be so too;  
And if a man be to her mind,  
Till, till, she must not let him goe.

The match soon made is happy still,  
For only love, 'tis best to doe

B

For

*Westminster Drollery,*

For none should marry 'gainst their will,  
 But stand off when their Parents woe,  
 And only to their Suits be coy;  
 For the whom Jointures can obtain  
 To let a Fopp her bed enjoy,  
 Is but a lawfull wench for gain.

---

*A late Song called The Resolute Gallant  
 for a second Tryall.*

**H**OW hard a fate have I that must expire  
 By sudden sparkles Love hath blown to fire;  
 No paine like mine, 'cause fed with discontent,  
 Not knowing how these flames I may prevent.

*Lucinda's* eyes affection have compell'd,  
 And ever since in thraldome I have dwelt;  
 Yet which is more, she who's my sole delight  
 Belongs unto another man by right.

What though she do? bear up dejected mind,  
 She that is faire doth seldome prove unkind;  
 She may be so, I'll put it to a venture;  
 Who tryes no Circle, may mistake the Center.

For joyes themselves are only true when try'd,  
 Fruition is the comfort of a Bride;

And

And how can he enjoy that ne'r doth try,  
But is disheartned with a Female lie?

(When known to most) they willingly resigne  
What they doe seem as wiling to decline  
Why then should I desist, I'll try agen,  
They 'steeme the valiant lover the best of men.

*The Subtil Girl well fitted.*

*The Tune The New Boxy.*

**P**Rethee *Cloris* tell me how  
I've been to thee *Disloyal*;  
In love thou know'st who makes a vow,  
'Tis only but on tryal:  
For had I found, thy graces sound,  
Which first I did discover,  
There's none shou'd be more kind to thee,  
Or halfe so true a Lover.

2. I vow'd 'tis true, I'll tell you how,  
With mental reservation,  
To try if thou wouldst keep thy vow,  
And find thine Inclination;  
But when I saw thou didst withdraw  
Thy faith from me to changing,

Why shoul'dst thou blame me for the same  
To take my swing in ranging.

3. No *Cloris* know, the knack I've found  
Of this thy feigned passion,  
Thou knowst my elder brother's drown'd  
And chinks with me in fashion;  
And likewise know, I've made a vow  
To one did ne're deceive me  
VWho in the worst of times she durst  
Both visit and relieve me.

4. Then farewell *Cloris* false and faire,  
And like thee every woman,  
Nor more will weare thy lock of haire,  
Thy favours now are common;  
But I will weare *Aminta* deare  
VWithin my heart for ever,  
VWhose faire and kind, and constant mind,  
To cherish I'll endeavour.

---

*The New Scotch Song.*

S It' tha' do'on be me, mine awn sweet joy,  
Thouse quite kill me suedst thou prove coy;  
Suedst thou prove coy, and not loove me.  
VWhere sall I fiend like a can as thee.

2. Is'e bin at Weke, and Is'e bin at Faire,  
Yet neer coo'd I find ean with thee to compare ;  
Oft have I fought, yet ne're cood I find  
Ean I loov'd like thee, 'gen you prove kind.

3. Thou'se ha' a gay goone, an gea fine,  
VVith brave buskins thy feet fall shine,  
VVith the fin'st floores thy head fall be crown'd,  
An thy pink-patticoat fall be lac't round.

4. VVee'se gang early to the brooke side,  
VVee'se catch fishes as they do glide,  
Ev'ry little fish thy prisner fall be,  
Thou'se catch them, an I'se catch thee.

5. Coom lat me kisse thy cherry Lip, an praise  
Aw the features, a thy sweet face,  
Thy forehead so smooth and lofty doth rise  
Thy soft ruddy cheeks, and thy pratty black eyes.

6. Ise ligg by thee all the caw'd niere,  
'Thou'se want neathing for thy delecte  
Thouse ha' any thing, thouse ha' me,  
Sure I ha soom thing that'le please thee.

---

*The Answer to the Scotch Song, and  
to that Tune.*

1. **S**ibby cries to the wood, coom follow me,  
For I'fe have a fiene thing my *Billy* for thee,  
It i like a thing which I mun not tell,  
Yet I ken *Billy* thou'fe love it well.
2. *Billy* cries, wa is me, and sight vary seare  
Cause to his *Sibby* he cood not come neare,  
At last he tald her with many a greane  
He cannot follow *Sibby* for meerter and steane.
3. Thou ken'st *Billy*, Is'e loove thee weele,  
And for thy Love my Patticoat wa'd sell;  
I'fe loove thee dearly wee'le as myne ean mother,  
Thou'fe pull down ean side, & I'fe pull down tother.
4. *Sibby* gang'd to the Wall to pull it doone,  
*Billy* ean the tea-side came there as soone;  
Then she pul'd doon the steane, & *Billy* the meerter,  
That of his prarry *Sibby* he might be the Peerter.

The rejected Lover to his Mistress.

1. **W**hat means this strangeness now of late,  
Since time doth truth approve,  
Such difference may consist with state,  
In cannot stand with love.
2. 'Tis either cunning or distrust,  
Doth such ways allow;  
The first is base, the last unjust,  
Let neither blemish you.
3. Explaine with unsuspicious looks  
The Riddles of your mind,  
The eyes are Cupids fortune Books,  
Where love his fate may find.
4. If kindness crosse your wisht content,  
Dismiss it with a frown;  
I'll give thee all the love is spent,  
The rest shall be my own.

*The Prologue to Witt without money : being the  
first Play acted after the Fire.*

**S**O shipwrackt Passengers escape to land,  
So look they, when on bare Beach they stand,  
Dropping and cold; and their first feare scarce o're,  
Expecting famine from a desert shore;  
From that hard Climate we must wait for bread  
Whence even the Natives forc't by hunger fled,  
Our stage does humane chance present to view,  
But ne're before was seen so sadly true,  
You are chang'd to, and your pretence to see  
Is but a nobler name of charitie.  
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts  
Whilst you the founders make your selves our guests.  
Of all mankind besides Fate had some care,  
But for poore Witt no portion did prepare,  
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and faire.  
You cherisht it, & now its fall you mourne,  
Which blind unmannerd Zealots make their scorne,  
Who think the fire a Judgment on the stage,  
Which spar'd not Temples in its furious rage.  
But as our new-built City rises higher,  
So from old Theaters may new aspire,  
Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.

Our

*The second Part.*

Our great Metropolis doth farr surpasse,  
What ere is now, & equall all that was;  
Our Witt as far doth forrein wit excell,  
And like a king should in a Pallace dwell,  
But we with golden hopes are vainely fed,  
Talk high, and entertaine you in a shed:  
Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,  
Will grace old *Theaters*, and build up new.

*A. Song.*

**O**F all the briske dancs my *Selina* for me,  
For I love not a woman, unlesse she be free;  
The affection that I to my Mistris do pay  
Grows weary, unlesse she does meet me half way.  
There can be no pleasure 'till humours do hit,  
Then Jumping's as good in affection as wit.

No sooner I came, but she lik't me as soone;  
No sooner I askt, but she granted my boon;  
And without a preamble, a portion or Jointer,  
She promis'd to meet me, where e're i'de appoint her;  
So we struck up a match, and embrac'd each other  
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy,  
Let her ends be the pleasure that we do enjoy,

*Let*

Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,  
 And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night :  
 I believe my *Selina*, who shews they'r all mad;  
 To feed on dry bones, when flesh may be had.

## A S O N G.

Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despare,  
 For *Daphne* regards not thy vowes nor thy prayer  
 Which plead for thy passion, thy paines to prolong;  
 She courts her gittar, and replies with a Song.

*No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,  
 Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.*

No more will I waite like a slave at your doore,  
 I will spend the cold night at the windows no more;  
 My lungs in long sighs I'll no more exhale,  
 Since your pride is to make me grow fullen & pale;

*No more shall Amintas your pittie implore,  
 Were gods so ingrate men, would worship no more.*

No more shall your frowns & free humour perswade  
 To worship the Idol my fancy hath made;  
 When your Sainr's so neglected, your follies give 'ore  
 Your deity's lost, and your beauty's no more;

*No more shall true lovers such beauties adore,  
 Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.*

How

How weak are the vowes of a lover in paine  
 When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain;  
 No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,  
 But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.

*No more fairest Nymph, I will murmur no more.  
 Did the Gods seem so faire, men would ever adore.*

## A Song.

1. **C**orinna false! it cannot be,  
 Let me not hear't againe; 'tis blasphemie,  
 Shee's divine,  
 Not the Shrine  
 Where the Vestall flames doe shine  
 Holds out a light so constant pure as she.  
 First shall the nights  
 Out-burne those Taper lights  
 Which Emulate the one ey'd day,  
*Phabus* rayes  
 Shall outgaze  
*Titan* in his chiefest praise;  
 Snow shall burne,  
 Floods returne  
 To their Springs, their funerall urne,  
 E're my *Corinna's* constancy decay.

Not

2. Not innocence it selfe is free  
 From imputation; and 'twere base in me,  
     Where I find  
     Love combin'd  
 In a heart of one so kind,  
 To injure vertue with Jealousie.  
 Still do I strive  
 To keep my joyes alive  
 And vindicate *Corinna's* fame,  
     Whilst my brest  
     Doth suggest  
 Thoughts which violate my rest,  
     And my feares  
     Flow in Teares  
 Whilst they wound me through the eares  
 Which cast aspersion on *Corinna's* name.

3. 'Tis sayd, *Corinna* may it be  
 As false as my affection's true to thee,  
     That thou art!  
     How my heart  
 Greeves such terrors to impart,  
 Not what thou wast before to me.  
     This, this, destroys  
 My late triumphant Joyes  
 Which sweld, when in your armes I was intwin'd.

*The second Part.*

12

Loves best wreath  
You did breath,  
You vowd to be my love till death  
Sealing this  
With that blisse,  
Whilst with armes, and every word a kiss  
Our pure soules were as our hearts combin'd.

Last night I walkt into a grove  
'Mong shady bowers to bewaile my love,

There to find

Fate so kind

As to ease my pensive mind  
Or thoughts of my *Corinna* to remove.

But there the *Nightingale*

Had husht her pretty tale,

Leaving her ditty's to the Owle,

Which made me sad

And did adde

Fewel to the flame I had :

That poore I

Now must die

Unless *Corinna's* constancy

Takes off this clogg which overwhelmes my soule.

*The*

*The Petticoate wagge, with the Answer.*

**S**ome say the world is full of holes,  
 And I think  
 Many a chinke  
 Is unstopt, that were better clos'd,  
 Is now unstopt that were better clos'd.  
 To stop them all is more than to build *Pauls*;  
 Wherefore he  
 That would see  
 How men are in private dispos'd,  
 How most men are in private dispos'd  
 Then let him looke the world throughout  
 From the oyster-wench to the black bagg,  
 And peepe here,  
 And peepe there,  
 You'l still find the petticoate wagge.

*The Answer.*

**S**ome say the world is full of pelfe;  
 But I think  
 There's no Chinke

*Because*

'Because I have so little my selfe,  
Because I have now so little my selfe.

Where pockets are full, there men will borrow;  
But one must  
Never trust

For to be pay'd to day or to morrow,  
For to be pay'd to day or to morrow;

But let him look the world throughout  
From the Usurer to his best friend,  
And ask here,  
And ask there,  
But the Devil a penny they'll lend.

---

*An Invocation to Cupid.*

A SONG.

1. **Y**OU powers that guard loves pleasant Throne,  
And guide our passions by your owne,  
Send downe, send down that golden dart  
That makes two Lovers weare one heart.

2. Sollicite *Venus* that her doves  
Which through their bills translate their loves,

May

May teach my tender love and I  
To kisse into a Sympathy.

Pray *Cupid*, if it be no sinne  
'Gainst nature, for to make a twinne  
Of our two soules, that the others eyes  
May see death cozen'd when one dyes.

If oh you *Powers* you can implore  
Thus much from Love, know from your store  
Two Amorous Turtles shall be freed  
VWhich yearly on your Altar bleed,

*A beautifull and great Lady died in March,  
and was buried in April.*

**M***Arch* with his winds hath struck a *Cedar* tall,  
And weeping *Aprill* mournes the *Cedars* fall,  
And *May* intends her month no flowres shall bring  
Sith she mu't loose the flowre of all the Spring.  
Then *March* winds have caused *Aprill* showers,  
And yet sad *May*, must loose her flower of flowres.

Tom of Bedlam; and to that Tune.

*A mock to* From a dark and dismal state.

1. **F**rom the hagg and hungry Goblin

That into raggs would rend yee,

All the Spirits that stan

By the naked man

In the book of moons defend yee:

That of your five sound Senses

You never be forsaken,

Nor Travel from

Your selves with Tom

A broad to begg your Bacon.

Chor : Nor never sing , any food any feeding;

Money drink or clothing :

Come dame or mayd

Be not affrayd,

Poor Tom will injure nothing.

2. Of 30 bare yeares have I

Twice twenty bin intraged,

And of forty bin

Three times fiftene

In durance soundly caged,

In the lovely lofts of *Bedlam*, on stubble soft & dainty

C

Brave

Brave bracelets strong,  
 Sweet whips ding dong  
 And wholesome hunger plenty.

Chor. *And now I sing, any food, any feeding &c.*

3. With a thought I took for mawdlin,  
 And a cruse of cockle pottage  
 And a thing thus---tall  
 (Skye blesse you all)  
 I fell into this dorage.

I slept not since the conquest,  
 'Till then I never waked,  
 'Till the Roguish Boy  
 Of Love where I lay  
 Me found, and stript me naked.

Chor: *And made me sing, any food, &c.*

4. When short I have shorne my Soves face,  
 And swigg'd my horned barrell,  
 In an Oaken Inne,  
 Doe I pawn my skin,  
 As a suit of gilt apparel.  
 The Moon's my constant Mistress,  
 And the lovely Owle my morrow,  
 The flaming drake,  
 And the night-crow make  
 Me musick to my sorrow.

Chor: *While there I sing any food &c.*

5. The Palsy plague these pounces,  
When I prigg your piggs or pullen,  
Your Culvers take,  
Or matelesse make  
Your Chanticleare, and sullen.  
When I want provant, with *Humphry* I sup;  
And when benighted,  
To repose in *Paules*,  
With walking soules,  
I never am affrighted.

Chor: *But still do I sing, any food &c.*

6. I know more than *Apollo*,  
For oft when he lyes sleeping,  
I behold the Starrs  
At mortall warrs,  
And the wounded *Welkin* weeping,  
The Moon embrace her shepherd,  
And the queen of Love her warrior,  
Whilst the first doth horne,  
The starre of the morne,  
And the next the heavenly Farrier.

7. The Gipsy Snap, and Tedro,  
Are none of *Tom's* Comrades,

*Westminster Drollery.*

The Punke I scorne,  
 And the Cutpurse sworne,  
 And the roaring boyes bravadoes.  
 The sober white, and gentle,  
 Me trace, or touch, and spare not;  
 But those that cross  
*Tom's Rhinoceros*  
 Do what the *Panther* dare not.  
 Chor: *Although I sing, any food &c.*

8. With a heart of furious fancies,  
 Whereof I am commander,  
 VVith a burning speare,  
 And a horse of Aire,  
 To the wilderness I wander;  
 With a Knight of Ghosts and shaddowes,  
 I summon'd am to *Tourney*,  
 Ten leagues beyond  
 The wide worldsend,  
 Methinks it is no journey.

Chor: *All while I sing,*  
*Any food any feeding,*  
*Many drink or cloathing,*  
*Come dame or mayd*  
*Be not affrayd*  
*Poor Tom will injure nothing.*

*The second Part.*

21

*The Oakerman.*

*To the Tune of Tom of Bedlam.*

1. **T**He Starr that shines by day light,  
And his Love the midnight walker,  
VVell guard Red-Jack,  
VVith his Purple-pack  
Of right Northumbrian Auker,

Chor: *While here I sing,  
Any marke, any marking,  
Marking red or yellow,  
Come, come, and buy, or say ye why,  
You deny so brave a fellow.*

2. Full off a 10 dayes Journey  
Into the earth I venture,  
To shew bright day,  
Old Adams clay,  
From the Long benighted center,

Chor: *And then I sing, any mark &c.*

3. From the Rugged Ile of Orkney,  
VVhere the Redshanke walkes the Marish  
Not a Towne of Count  
To the Magog-mount,  
Not a Village Ham or parish,

Chor: *But then I sing any marke &c.*

4. The Curtaild Curr and Mastiffe,  
 With this Twig I charm from barking;  
 From Packhorse feete,  
 And wells in street,

I preserve your Babes with marking.

Chor: *While there I sing, Any marke &c.*

5. The Blank denier, and Stiver,  
 To Gold I turn with wearing  
 And a six-penny pot,  
 For a scarlet goat

*Eddie* fills me without swearing.

Chor: *While I do sing any mark &c.*

6. Besides the Mort I marry'd,  
 With whom I sometimes slumber,  
 'Tway loves have I,  
 And one ligg by,  
 So we are five in number.

Chor: *And we do sing any marke &c.*

7. Not one of all my Doxyes,  
 So fruitless is or steril,  
 But breeds young bones,  
 And marking stones

To your Poultreys further perril.

Chor: *When they shall sing any marke &c.*

8. Will

8. Will you red-stones have to Tawny  
Your Lambskins or your weathers,  
Will ye Bole as good,  
For a flux of blood,  
As the fume of Capons feathers.

Chor: *Of these I sing any mark &c.*

9. Will you Lead to Pounce your paintings,  
Any Peakish wherstones will ye,  
Will ye heavenly Blewes,  
Or Ceruse use,  
That scornes to wooe the Lilly.

Chor: *Of what I sing, any marke &c.*

10. The *Belgian* does not scorne me,  
Nor I the *Ethiopian*,  
I am both one man,  
To the *American*,  
And the whire and faire *European*.

Chor: *Although I sing any mark &c.*

11. The fiery *Mars* his Minion,  
By the Twilight might me follow;  
In a morning Scene,  
To the Mornings *Queene*,  
She might take me for *Apollo*.

Cho: *But that I sing, any mark &c.*

12. But as disdain'd of fortune,  
 Disdaine I shift and sharking,  
 No loves but these,  
 Do my fancy please,  
 No delight, or life to marking.

Chor: Wherefore I sing

*Any marking,*

*Marking red or yellow,*

*Come, come, and buy,*

*Or say you why,*

*You deny so brave a fellow.*

*Old Soldiers.*

1. **O**F old Soldiers the Song you would heare,  
 And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were  
 But all we remember shall come to your Eare,  
 Chor: *That we are Old Soldiers of the Queens,*  
*And the Queens Old Soldiers.*

2. With an old Drake that was the next man,  
 To old *Franciscus* (who first it began)  
 To saile through the Streights of *Magellan*,  
 Chor: *Like an old Soldier &c.*

3. That

3. That put the Proud Spanish *Armado* to wrack,  
And Travel'd all ore the old world, and came back  
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,  
Chor: *Like an old &c.*

4. With an Old *Candish* that seconded him,  
And taught his old Sailes the same passage to swim,  
And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold Trim,  
*Like an old &c.*

5. With an old *Rawleigh* that twice and agen,  
Saild over most part of the Seas, and then  
Travel'd all ore the old World with his Pen,  
*And an Old &c.*

With an old *John Norreys* the Generall  
That at old *Gaunt* made his fame Immortall,  
In spight of his foes with no losse at all,  
*Like an old Soldier &c.*

7. Like old *Brest-fort* an Invincible thing, (King,  
VVhen the old *Queen* sent him to help the French  
Took from the proud foe to the worlds wondring,  
*As an old &c.*

VVhere

Where an old stout Fryer as goes the story,  
 Came to push a Pike with him in vain glory,  
 But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory  
*By this old souldier &c.*

With an old Ned Norreys that kept Ostend,  
 A terrour to foe, and a refuge to freind,  
 And left it Impregnable to his last end,  
*Like an old Souldier &c.*

That in the old unfortunate voyage of all,  
 Marcht ore the old Bridge, and knockt at the wall  
 Of Lisbon the Mistris of Portugall,  
*Like an old souldier &c.*

With an old Tom Norreys by the old Queen sent,  
 Of Munster in Ireland Lord President,  
 Where his dayes and his blood in her service he spent,  
*Like an old souldier &c.*

With an old Harry Norreys in battel wounded  
 In his Knee, whose Legg was cut off, and he sed  
 You have spil'd my Dancing, and dyed in his bed.  
*An old Souldier &c.*

With

With an old *Will Norreys* the oldest of all,  
Who went voluntary without any call,  
To'th old *Irish Wars* to's fame Immortall,  
*Like an old Soldier &c.*

VWith an old *Maximilian Norreys* the last  
Of six old brothers, whose fame the time past  
Could never yet match, nor shall future time wast  
*He was an old soldier &c.*

VWith an old *Dick Wenman* the first (in his prime)  
That over the walls of old *Cales* did climbe,  
And therefore was Knighted, and liv'd all his time.  
*An old souldier &c.*

(thrown.  
VWith an old *Nando Wenman* when *Brest* was ore-  
Into th' Aire, into th' Seas with Gunpowder blown,  
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known,  
*An old souldier &c.*

VWith an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight  
VWas in a good cause for his Country to fight,  
And dyed in *Ireland* a good old Knight.  
*And an old souldier &c.*

VWith

VWith a young *Ned Wenman* so valiant and bold,  
 In the warrs of *Bohemia*; as with the old  
 Deserves for his valour to be Inrold,  
*An old &c.*

And thus of old Soldiers hear ye the same,  
 But neyer so many of one house and name,  
 And all of old *John Lord Williams* of *Thame*,  
 Chor: *An Old Souldier* of the *Queens*,  
*And the Queens old Soldier.*

---

*A woers Expostulation.*

1. **A** Ll day do I sit inventing,  
 VWhile I live so single alone,  
 VWhich way to Wed to my contenting,  
 And yet can resolve upon none.  
 There's a wench whose wealth would enrich me,  
 But she not delights me;  
 There's another's eyes do bewitch me,  
 But her fashion frights me.  
 He that herein  
 Has a traveller bin  
 And at length in his Longing sped.  
 VWhat shall I doe,  
 Tell me who I shall woe,  
 For I long to be lustily wed.

2. Shall

2. Shall I with a VViddow marry;  
No, no, she such watch will beare  
To spy how my selfe I doe carry,  
I shall always live in feare.  
Shall I to a mayd be a wooer,  
Maydens are lov'd of many,  
Knowing not to whom to be sure,  
Are unsure to any.  
Marry with youth,  
There is love without truth,  
For the young cannot long be just,  
And Age if I prove;  
There is truth without Love,  
For the Old are too cold to Lust.

The Resolution.

1. **I** Dye, when as I do not see  
Her, who is my life, and all to me;  
And when I see her then I dye  
In seeing of her cruelty,  
*So that to me like misery is wrought,  
Both when I see, and when I see her not.*  
2. Shall I in silence mourn and grieve?  
VWho silent sorrowes will relieve?  
In speaking not my heart will rend,  
And speaking I may her offend.

So that 'twixt Love and death my heart is shot  
With equall darts, speak I, or speak I not.

3. Since life and death is in her Eye,  
If her I not behold, I dye;  
And if I look on her she kills,  
I'll chuse the least of two such ills;  
Though both be hard, this is the easier lot,  
To dye and see, than dye and see her not.

4. Yet when I see her I shall speak;  
For if I speak not, heart will break;  
And if I speak I can but dye,  
Of two such ills the least i'll trye;  
Who dyes unseen or dumb is soon forgot,  
I'll see and speak then, dye, or dye I not.

---

*Love, himselfe in Love.*

1. **A**S in May the little god of love  
Forsook his Mothers rosy rest,  
To play, to wanton, and to rove  
His quiver where it pleas'd him best.  
VVanting sport  
In idle sort,

An arrow where he could not tell  
From him glanced,  
So it chanced  
Love thereby in Love befell.

2. In sad Teares he to his mother pray'd  
(to seek his shaft) to lend him eyes,

VVhich she grants: a bright and lovely  
Love taking up his dart espies;

But poore lad

He better had

Neer seen at all, then now too well,

For being strook,

VVith her faire look

Love himselfe in love befell.

3. She too true a chastity embrac'd,

And from Loves courtship, and his mone

Nicely flew; but when his houre was pass'd

His sorrow with his sight was gone.

VVith us swaines,

She now remaines;

And every shepherds boy can tell,

This is she

That love did see

VVho seeing her in love befell.

4. Some thus wish, that Love had never shot,  
 (That thereof with him feel the woe)  
 Some dispute that Love a God is not,  
 And think that beauty beares the bow,  
     Since this mayd,  
     VVithout his ayd,  
 Doth her beholders all compell,  
     Now to fall  
     Into that thrall  
 VVhere Love himself in Love befell.
5. Simple Swaines could wish their eyes were blind  
 For in her speech and every grace,  
 Are such chaines to captivate the mind,  
 They love her that ne're saw her face.  
     Liking lyes  
     Not all in Eyes,  
 Nor Charmes in Cheeks do only dwell,  
     Love had power,  
     But for an houre,  
 To see, and so in love befell.
6. Since in troope of many wretched men  
 I her Inchanting looks surway'd,  
 Though I droop, I languish, yet agen,  
 To see, and yet to see affrayd.

But O why,  
With shame should I  
Consume for what I love so well;  
First I'll try  
Her love, and dye  
With fame, where love in love befell.

---

*The Matchlesse Maid.*

1. **A** Midst the merry *May*,  
When wantons would a playing,  
A Girle as any gay  
That had no mind a Maying,  
By a cleare  
Fountain brim,  
Shedding teares,  
Shaming him,  
Sate, and said, are all they  
With their Mates gone to May,  
And on a Sun-shiny day  
Must I be cast away,  
O, to dye a *Maid*.

2. One hand she laid to calme  
Her brest that ever panted,  
And on her other palme  
Her dewy Cheek she planted,

All a loft  
 Covered ore  
 With the soft silks she wore,  
 And underneath a bed  
 Of *Lillyes* had she spred  
 Whereon she was, she sed  
 Fully determined  
*O to dye a Maid.*

3. Is't love, quoth she, or lor,  
 Whose fault I am not mated?  
 Has *Cupid* me forgot,  
 Will fortune have me hated?

O ill men  
 Though ye be  
 Fewer then  
 Wretched we;  
 Must I needs be one,  
 For whom there mate is none,  
 None need her death bemone  
 (Than) that was borne alone,

*O, to dye a Made.*

4. And so into a swoond  
 She fell; and in a trembling  
 Fell I, when as I found  
 A maid; & no dissembling:

To her quick  
Did I stepp,  
Felt her thick  
Pulses leap,  
Brake her blew Belt in twaine,  
Into her cheeks againe,  
Kist that Vermilion stain,  
Nature did ne're ordaine.

*O to dye a Maid.*

5. But like to him that wrought  
A face that him Inchaned,  
And life for it besought,  
Which Cytherea granted,  
Fared I  
(fool) that should  
Let her dye  
When she would.

For with that soul she brought,  
Back from the shades she sought,  
Am I now deeply caught  
In love, that ever thought

*O to die a Maid.*

*One and his Mistris a dying.*

1. **S**hall we die,  
Both thou and I,  
And leave the world behind us;  
Come I say  
And lets away,  
For no body here doth mind us.

2. Why do we gape,  
We cannot scape  
The doom that is assign'd us;  
When we are in grave,  
Although we rave,  
There no body needs to bind us.

3. The Clark shall sing,  
The Sexton ring,  
And old wives they shall wind us,  
The Priest shall lay  
Our bones in clay,  
And no body there shall find us.

4. Farewel wits,  
And folly's fits,  
And griefs that often pin'd us;

When

When we are dead,  
 VVe'l take no heed  
 VVhat no body says behind us.

§. Merry nights,  
 And false delights  
 Adieu, ye did but blind us;  
 VVe must to mold,  
 Both young and old,  
 Till no body's left behind us.

---

A Dialogue between a man (in Gar-  
 rison) and his wife (with her com-  
 pany) storming without.

• The Tune *The Devils Dream.*

1. *Man.* **H** Ark, hark, the Doggs do bark,  
 My Wife is coming in  
 With Rogues and Jades,  
 And roaring blades,  
 They make a devillish din.

D 3

*Woman.*

*Woman.* 2. Knock, knock, 'tis twelve a clock;  
The Watch will come anon,  
And then shall wee  
All be free  
Of the Gate house every one.

*Man.* 3. Hold, hold, who is that so bold  
That dares to force my doores,  
Here is no roome  
For such a scum  
Of arrant Rogues and Whores:

*Woman.* 4. See, See, this Cuckold he  
Denyes to let us in,  
Let's force the house,  
Drink and carouse,  
And make him sit and spin:

*Man.* 5. So, so, I'me glad I know  
Your mind, I will provide  
A *Bride-well* Bunne  
For every one,  
And lodging there beside.

*Woman.* 6. Run, Run, lets all be gon,  
The Watch is coming by,

They

They bid 'em stand,  
Away they ran  
As fast as they could hey.

Man. 7. Watch, watch, I prethee catch  
Some of that flying crew,  
Heres money for ye,  
They for it tarry,  
Mean while away they flew.

---

*A Late Poem by a Person of quality.*

**V**Hat dire Aspects wore the intruded skie  
At the curst moment of my birth: O why  
Did envious Fate prolong my loathsome age,  
Since all mankind, yea all the Gods ingage  
To bend their never-ceasing sight on me alone,  
Am I the center of their envy grown?  
Am I the man  
On whom they all their venom'd weapons try  
Made for their sport, and mankind's mockery,  
Or was't ye Gods that you did me create  
Only to make me thus unfortunate?  
Or do I owe a being to some other powers  
VWho'l make me able to deride all yours?

If so,

From these unknown Patrons I'll obtaine  
 A power to stay your deem'd eternall reigne,  
 I'll ravish Nature, from which rape shall come  
 A Race, shall ruine your ill guarded throne;  
 Rocks, hills, and mountaines, wee'll fling at the Skye;  
 Whole torne up Regions in Joves face shall fly.  
 Wee'll draine the Seas  
 With hills of water, quench the angry starrs;  
 Nor will we put an end to these just wars,  
 Till conquered *Jove* shall learne to obey,  
 And I more powerfull shall his Scepter sway;  
 The heavens to their first source shall then returne,  
 The Earth to her Autumnal being run :  
 And stubborn mankind I will new create :  
 On all I will impose new lawes of Fate.

*On Women.*

**W**omen are call'd *Eves*,  
 Because they came from *Adams* wife;  
 Put to *t h*, and they are Theeves,  
 They rob men of a merry life;  
 Put *l s* to *Eve*, and then they're *Evils*,  
 Put *d* before evils, and then they are *Devils* :  
 And thus our *Eves* are made *theeves*, & *theeves* are evils  
 And angry Women are a thousand times worse than  
 Devils.

*The*

*The second Part.*

41

*The Valentine.*

1. **A**S youthfull day put on his best  
Attire to usher morne,

And she to greet her glorious guest

Did her faire selfe adorne;

Up did I rise, and hid mine eyes

As I went through the street,

Least I should one that I despise

Before a fairer meet;

And why

Was I,

Think you so nice and fine,

Well did I wot,

Who wotts it not,

It was *St Valentine*

2. In fields by *Phabus* great with young

Of Flower's and hopefull budds,

Resembling thoughts that freshly sprung

In lovers lively bloods,

A dam'sel faire and fine I saw,

So faire and finely dight,

As put my heart almost in aw

To attempt a mate so bright :

But O,

Why so,

Her purpose was like mine,

And readily,

She said as I,

Good morrow *Valentine*.

3. A

3. A Faire of love we kept a while,  
 She for each word I said  
 Gave me two smiles, and for each smile  
 I her two kisses pay'd.  
 The Violet made hast to appear  
 To be her bosome guest,  
 With first Primrose that grew this year  
 I purchast from her brest;  
 To me, gave she, her golden lock for mine;  
 My ring of Jet,  
 For her Bracelet,  
 I gave my *Valentine*.

4. Subscribed with a line of love,  
 My name for her I wrote;  
 In silke forme her name she wove,  
 VVhereto this was her mot--  
 As shall this year thy truth appear  
 I still my dear am thine:  
 Your mate to day, and Love for aye,  
 If you so say, was mine.  
 VVhile thus, on us, each others favours shine,  
 No more have we to change, quoth she,  
 Now farewell *Valentine*.

5. Alas, said I, let freinds not seeme  
 Between themselves so strange,

The Jewels both we dear'st esteeme  
 You know are yet to change:  
 She answers no, yet smiles as though  
 Her tongue her thought denyes;  
 VWho truth of maidens mind will know,  
 Must seek it in her Eyes.

She blusht,  
 I wisht,  
 Her heart as free as mine;  
 She fight and fware,  
 Insooth you are  
 Too wanton *Valentine*.

6. Yet I such further fayour won  
 By suit and pleasing play,  
 She vow'd what now was left undone,  
 Should finisht be in *May*.  
 And though perplex'd with such delay,  
 As more augments desire,  
 'Twixt present grieve, and promis'd Joy,  
 I from my Mate retire:

If she  
 To me  
 Preserve her vowes divine  
 And constant troth,  
 She shall be both  
 My Love and *Valentine*.

## On Thirsis and Phillis.

**Y**oung *Thirsis* the shepheard, that wont was to  
 So delightfull flocks and faire, (keep  
 Sets eyes upon *Phillis*, and lets go the Sheep  
 To wander he knows not where.

The cropping of *Lillyes*,  
 Was as became *Phillis*,  
 That seem'd with her brow to compare;  
 He tuning of *Verses*,  
 Was as became *Thirsis*,  
 That more did her beauty declare.

2. Why lik'st thou those flowers that are not like thee;  
 Thou art far more fresh and gay,  
 Or if thou lov'st *Lillyes*, why lov'st thou not me  
 That am Love-sick and pale as they?  
 Thy bosome faire *Phillis*  
 Yeilds lovlyer *Lillyes*  
 Surpassing the sweetness of those,  
 Whose beauty so pierces  
 The poor heart of *Thirsis*  
 That these more resemble his woes.

3. Art thou a Shepherdess, and yet too good  
For a Shepheard to be thy mate?

If wanton opinion, or purenesse of blood,

Doth make thee disdain thy estate,

Let *Thirsis* pluck Lillyes,

And feed flocks for *Phillis*

For her love his duty to show,

Whilst *Phillis* rehearses,

The Poesies of *Thirsis*

In his love her beauty to know.

4. If *Coridons* jealousy cannot admit

Young *Thirsis* his rival to be,

Thy heart is too young to be singular yet,

And too old to be lov'd is he.

Then try what the skill is

Of young men faire *Phillis*

Ere age thou dost simply retaine;

If any love pierces

Thee deeper than *Thirsis*,

Let *Thirsis* love *Phillis* in vaine,

5. Thus *Thirsis* went, on but *Phillis* more wise

Conceales the delight she find,

For women their likings have skill to disguise,

But men cannot masque their minds.

He mounts where the hill is,  
 The proud hill where *Phillis*,  
 Is wonted to rest with her sheep,  
 And with his flock *Thirsis*,  
 So seldome converses,  
 We think he with *Phillis* doth keep.

---

## A Song.

1. **T**O love thee without flattery were a sin,  
 Since thou art all Inconstancy within,  
 Thy heart is govern'd only by thine Eyes,  
 The newest object is thy richest prize,  
*Love me then just as I love thee,*  
*That's 'till a fairer I can see.*

2. I hate this constant doating on a Face,  
 Content ne're dwells a week in any place;  
 Why then should you and I love one another  
 Longer than we can our fancy smother;  
*Love me then just as I love thee,*  
*That's 'till a fairer I can see,*

A Song.

1. **W**Hen *Thirsis* did the splendid Eye  
Of *Phillis* his faire Mistris spye,  
Was ever such a glorious Queen  
Said he, unlesse above, were seen.

2. Faire *Phillis* with a blushing aire,  
Hearing those words became more faire;  
Away, says he, you need not take  
Fresh beauty, you more fair to make.

3. Then with a winning smile and looke,  
His candid flattery she took;  
O stay, sayd he, 'tis done I vow,  
*Thirsis* is captivated now.

---

A catch for three Voices, made from a true Story.

1. **A** Knot of good fellowes were making moane,  
Their meeting was spoild, their pig was gon.  
Whee, quoth a Frenchman to *Joan*, its dark,  
Hark there, cryes *Mounseir*, Pig, weel make him pork;  
They caught him, & stuck him, wee' wee', what you do  
To serve you like the mother of the meaz'ld sow?

Begar

Begar me no Bacon, you English dogge;  
 Weeh, weeh, you raskall Frenchman, wee'l dresse you  
 (like a hogge?)

They kept such a weehing that home came the Pigg,  
 Which made them all dance, and drinke as long as  
 (they could swig,

They cry the Mounseir pardon, & forth let him pass  
 No more for a Pigge, but now for an Asse.

*A Catch of 3 Parts.*

1. **M**Y Mistrifs will not be content to take a Jest,  
 I mean a Jest as Chaucer meant:  
 But following still the Womens fashion,  
 Allowes it, allowes it, in the last translation;  
 For with the word shee'l not dispence,  
 And yet, and yet, and yet, I know she loves the sence.

*On Loyalty in the Cavaliers.*

1. **H**E that is a cleare  
 Cavalier  
 Will not repine,  
 Although his fortune grow  
 So very low  
 That he cannot get wine.

Fortune

Fortune is a Lasse,  
She will embrace,  
And strait destroy;  
Free-borne Loyaltie  
Will ever be,

*Sing Vive le Roy.*

*Chorus.*

Virtue is her own reward, and fortune is a Whore,  
There's none but knaves and fools regard  
Her, or do her power implore.

A reall honest man,  
Might a'bin utterly undone,  
To shew his Allegiance,  
His love and obedience;

Honour will raise him up,  
And still praise him up,  
Virtue stayes him up,

Whilst your Loose Courtiers dine  
With their full Bowles of Wine,

Honour will stick to it fast; (nour move;  
And he that fights for love, doth in the way of ho-  
He that is a true *Roger*, and hath serv'd his King,

Although he be a ragged Souldier;

Whilst those that make sport of us,  
May become short of us,

Fate will flatter e'm, and will scatter e'm,

*E.*

*Whilst*

Whilst that Loyalty  
 Waits on Royalty,  
 He that waits peacefully,  
 May be successfully  
 Crown'd with Crowns at last.

2. Firmly let us then  
 Be honest men,  
 And kick at fate,  
 We shall live to see  
 Loyaltie,  
 Valued at a high rate.  
 He that bears a word  
 Or a sword,  
 'Gainst the Throne,  
 Or doth prophazely prate  
 To wrong the State,  
 Hath but little for his own.

*Chorus.*

What though the *Plumes* of painted Players,  
 Be the prosperous men,  
 Yet wee'll attend our own affaires,  
 When we come to't agen:  
 Treachery may be fac't with light,  
 And leachery lin'd with furre,

*The second Part.*

51

A Cuckold may be made a Knight,

'Tis fortune *de la gar*,

But what is that to us boyes,

That now are honest men?

Wee'l conquer and come agen,

Beat up the drum agen,

Hey for Cavaliers,

Joy for Cavaliers,

Pray for Cavaliers,

Dub a dub dub,

Have at old *Bulzebub*,

*Oliver* flinks for fear.

Fift-Monarchy must down boyes

And every Sect in Town,

Wee'l rally, and to't agen,

Give 'em the rout agen,

When they come agen,

Charge 'em home agen,

Face to the right about, *tantararara*,

This is the life of an honest poor Cavalier.

E 2

The

The Irish footmans, O hone, O hone,

1. **N**OW Chreeft me save,  
 Poor Irish Knave, O hone, O hone,  
 Round about,  
 The Town throughout,  
 Is poor Shone gone,  
 Mayster to find,  
 Loving and kind,  
 But Shone to his mind is ne're the neare,  
 Shone can find none here,  
 Which makes him cry for feare  
 O hone, O hone.

Shone being poore,  
 Him's foot being sore,  
 For which hee'l no more  
 Trot about,  
 To find mayster out,  
 Fair Fle rather go without  
 And cry O hone.

2. I was so crost,  
 That I was forc't,  
 To go barefoot,  
 With stripes to boot,  
 And no shooes none  
 Nill English could I speak,  
 My mind for to break,

And many laught to hear the moane I made

And I like a tyr'd Jade,

That had no worke nor Trade

*But cry'd O hone.*

'Cause Church to go,

Whither I'de or no,

Ile dye or do so,

Grace a Chreest;

For I love Popish Preeft

A poor Catholick thou seeft, *O hone, O hone.*

3. Good honest *Shone*,

Make no more moane,

For thy lost,

I do intend,

Something to spend

On Catholicks thus crost;

Take this small gift,

And with it make a shift,

And be not thou bereft;

Of thy mind;

Although he was unkind,

To leave thee thus behind, *To cry O hone.*

Here take this Beer, and with it make good cheere;

Nothing's for thee too deare; so a due,

Be constant still and true,

This country do not rue, *Nor cry O hone.*

4. Good Shentlemen,  
 That do intend,  
 To help poore *Shondar's* need,  
 My Patron here,  
 Has given me Beer,  
 And meat whereon to feed,  
 Yea and moneys too,  
 So I hope that you  
 Will do as he did do,  
 For my reliefe,  
 To ease my pain & grieve.  
 Ile eat no powder'd beef,  
 What e're ensue.  
 But I will keep my fast,  
 As I did in times past,  
 To get more stomach for my hungry throat,  
 And when for friends I fought,  
 They call'd me all te're naught

## Song.

**I** Went to the Tavern, and then,  
**I** went to the Tavern; and then,  
 I had good store of VVine,  
 And my cap full of coyne  
*And the world went well with me then, then,*  
*And the world went well with me then.*

2. I went to the Tavern agen,  
Where I ran on the score  
And was turn'd out o'th' door,  
*And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.*
3. When I was a Batchelor then  
I had a Saddle and a Horse,  
And I took my own course,  
*And the world went well with me then, then, &c.*
4. But when I was marry'd, O then  
My Horse and my Saddle  
Vere turn'd to a Cradle,  
*And the world went ill with me then, then, &c.*
5. VVhen I brought her home mony, then  
She never would pout,  
But clip me about,  
*And the world went well with me then, then, &c.*
6. But when I was drunk, O then,  
She'd kick, she'd fling,  
Till she made the house ring,  
*And the world went ill with me then, then &c.*

7. So I turn'd her away, and then,  
 I got me a Miss,  
 To clip and to kiss,  
*And the world went ill, &c.*

8. But the Pariter came, and then  
 I was call'd to the Court,  
 Where I pay'd for my sport,  
*And the world went ill &c.*

9. I took my Wife home agen,  
 But I chang'd her note,  
 For I cut her throat,  
*And the world went well with me then, &c.*

10. But when it was known, O then,  
 In a two-wheeld Charrer,  
 To Tiburn I was carry'd,  
*And the world went ill, &c.*

11. But when I came there, O then,  
 They forc't me to swing  
 To heaven in a string,  
*And the world went well with me then, then,  
 And the world went well with me then.*

The

The Moons Love.

1. **T**He Moon in her pride,  
Once glanced aside  
Her eyes, and espied  
The day;  
As unto his bed,  
In waistcoat of red,  
Faure *Phæbus* him led  
The way;  
Such changes of thought,  
In her chasticite wrought,  
That thus she besought the boy,

O tarry,

And Marry

The Starry *Diana*,

That will be thy Jem, and Joy.

2. I will be as bright  
At noon as at night,  
If that may delight

The day;

Come hither and joine

Thy glories with mine,

Together wee'l shine

For aye.

The night shall be noon,

And every moon

As pleasant as *June*

Or *May*;

O tarry and marry &c,

3. En

3. Enamour'd of none  
I live chaste and alone,  
Though courted of one,

Some say;  
And true if it were  
So frivolous feare  
Let never my dear  
Dismay,

I'll change my opinion,  
And turne my old Minion,  
The Sleepy *Endimion*.

Away,  
O tarry and marry, &c.

4. And but that the night  
Should have wanted her light  
Or lovers in sight

Should play,  
Or *Phœbus* should shame  
To bestow such a dame  
(VVith a dow'r of his flame)

On a Boy,  
Or day should appear,  
Eternally here,  
And night elsewhere,  
The day

Had

Had tarry'd,  
And marry'd,  
The starry'd *Diana*,  
And she been his *Jem and Joy*.

---

On *Dulcina*.

1. **A**S at noone *Dulcina* rested,  
In her sweet and shady bower,  
Came a shepherd and requested,  
In her lapp to sleep an houre;  
But from her look,  
A wound he took  
So deep, that for a further boon,  
The Nymph he prays,  
VWhereto she sayes,  
Foregoe me now, come to me soone.
2. But in vaine did she conjure him,  
To depart her presence so,  
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
And but one to bid him go.  
VWhere lipps invite,  
And eyes delight,  
And cheeks as fresh as rose in *June*,  
Perswade to stay,  
VWhat boots her say,  
Foregoe me now, come to me soon.

3. VVordz

Words whose hopes might have injoin'd

Him to let *Dulcina* sleep,

Could a mans love be confin'd,

Or a mayd her promise keep;

But he her waste,

Still holds as fast,

As she was constant to her Tune,

And still she spake,

For *Cupid's* sake

*Foregoe me now, come to me soon.*

4. He demands what time or pleasure,

Can there be more soon, than now?

She sayes Night gives love that leasure,

That the Day doth not allow.

The Suns kind sight,

Forgives delight,

Quoth he, more easily than the Moon.

And *Venus* playes; he told, she sayes,

*Foregoe me now, come to me soon.*

5. But no promise nor profession,

From his hands could purchase scope;

Who would sell the sweet possession

Of such beauty for a hope?

Or for the sight of lingring night;

*Foregoe*

Foregoe the present Joyes of Noon;  
Though ner'e so faire, her speeches were,

*Foregoe me now, come to me soon.*

6. How at last agreed these lovers,  
He was faire, and she was young,  
Tongue may tell what eye discovers,  
Joyes unseen are never sung.

Did she consent,

Or he relent,

Accepts he night, or grants she noon,  
Left he her mayd, or not? she said

*Foregoe me now, come to me soon.*

The Saylers Song.

1. **T**He raging waves, and roaring wind  
(My Mates) I list no longer hide,  
A gentler passage now I find,  
And Saile upon a calmer tide

*Of Neptunes man, his mate I prove,  
And serve with him the master love.*

2. My bosome now my Ocean is,  
Wherein my *Amorous* thoughts do steere,  
My hopesfull heart in waves of blisse,  
Whereto her voice and smiling cleare.

My

My wind and weather be : Her eyes  
Are both my Loadstar, and my Prize.

3. No faile, nor wind, nor Sun I need,  
Her favours pass the silken Saile,  
Her smiles the Sunshine day exceed,  
And her sweet voice the softest gale?  
I take no height of starres above,  
Nor seek adventures, but her love.

4. And if her heart I compass can,  
VWhere I my hopes have Anchor'd all;  
He that the fleece of *Cholchos* wan,  
Made voyage poorer than I shall,  
By how much living Pearl's above  
Dead gold, and wealth is short of love.

---

*To Live and dye.*

1. **A** Creature so strange, so wretched a one  
As I  
Can there be found,  
For now alas I live, and anon  
I die,  
Feeling no wound;  
When but a look of my love I gaine,  
O what a life it doth infuse!

But

*The second Part.*

63

But when I tast of her sharpe disaine;  
O how I dye, how can I chuse?

2. Like as the Sun gives life to the flowers,

VWhen *May*

Painteth the field;

So when she smiles, her eye like the powers,

Of Joy

Doth to me yeild,

But as the Autumn's envious raine,

Soon doth the summers pride confuse

Dasht with the stormes of her Disdaine,

So do I dye, how can I chuse.

3. Then 'tis no wonder that here is a man,

Can live

Now, and now dye;

Since there's a beaurty that life and death can

Both give

Out of her Eye.

Ler her the wonder of time remaine,

And that I live let no man muse,

VWhile she me loves; and if she disdaine,

Must not I dye, how can I chuse?

4. Has not her favour force to revive

A heart

Dying with paine?

And

And has her scorne not power to deprive

That part

Of life againe?

Is there not life and death in her frame

Both at her powerfull will to use,

Then at her powerfull will I am,

Living or dead, how can I chuse?

*The hunting of the Gods.*

1. **S**ongs of Shepheards, and Rusticall Roundlayes,  
Form'd of fancies, and whistled on reedes;  
Sung to Solace young Nimphs upon holy dayes,  
Are too unworthy for wonderfull deeds.

*Phabus* Ingenious

Or winged *Cylenius*

His lofty Genius,

May seem to declare,

In verse better coyn'd,

And voice more refin'd

How States devin'd,

Once hunted the Hare.

2. Starrs Enamour'd with Pastimes Olympicall,  
Starrs and Planets that beautifull shone,

VVould

Would no longer that earthly men only shall  
 Swim in pleasure, and they but look on;  
 Round about horned  
*Lucina* they swarmed,  
 And her informed  
 How minded they were,  
 Each God and Goddesse,  
 To take humane bodyes,  
 As Lords and Ladies,  
 To follow the Hare.

3. Chast *Diana* applauded the Motion;  
 And pale *Proserpina* set in her place,  
 Lights the Welkin, and governs the Ocean;  
 While she conducted her Nephewes in chace.  
 And by her Example,  
 Her Father to trample  
 The old and ample  
 Earth, leave the aire,  
*Neptune* the Water,  
 The Wine *Liber Pater*,  
 And *Mars* the slaughter,  
 To follow the Hare.

4. Light god *Cupid* was hors'd upon *Pegasus*,  
 Borrow'd of *Muses* with kisses and prayers,  
 Strong *Alcides* upon cloudy *Caucasus*,  
 Mounts a Centaure that proudly him beares.

Postillion of the skye,  
 Light heel'd *Mercury*,  
 Makes his Courser fly  
 Fleet as the aire,  
 Yellow *Apollo*,  
 The Kennel doth follow,  
 And whoop and hollow  
 After the hare.

*Hymen* ushers the Ladies; *Astræa*  
 The Just, took hands with *Minerva* the bold;  
*Ceres* the brown, with bright *Cytherea*;  
 With *Thetis* the wanton, *Bellona* the old;  
 Shamefac't *Aurora*,  
 With subtil *Pandora*;  
 And *May* with *Flora*,  
 Did company beare;  
*Juno* was statèd,  
 Too high to be mated,  
 But yet she hated  
 Not hunting the hare.

6. Drown'd *Narcissus*, from his *Metamorphosis*  
 Rais'd by *Eccho*, new manhood did take;  
 Snoring *Somnus* upstartèd in *Cineris*,  
 That this thousand year was not awake,  
 To see club-footed  
 Old *Malciber* bootèd,

And *Pan* promoted  
 On *Chirons* Mare ;  
 Proud *Faunus* pouted,  
 And *Aeolus* shouted,  
 And *Momus* flouted,  
 But follow'd the Hare.

7. Deep *Melampus*, and cunning *Ichnobates*,  
*Nape*, and *Tigre*, and *Harpye* the skyes  
 Rent wit roaring ,  
 Whilst huntsman-like *Hercules*  
 Winds the plentifull horne to their cryes,  
 Till with varieties,  
 To solace their Pieties ,  
 The wary Deities  
 Repos'd them where  
 We shepheards were seated,  
 And there we repeated,  
 What we conceited  
 Of their hunting the Hare.

8. Young *Amintas* suppos'd the Gods came to breath  
 (After some battels) themselves on the ground,  
*Thirsis* thought the stars came to dwell here beneath,  
 And that hereafter the earth would go round ,  
*Coridon* aged ,  
 With *Phillis* ingaged,  
 Was much intraged  
 With jealous despaire;

*Westminster Drollery,*

But fury vaded,  
 And he was perswaded,  
 When I thus applauded  
 Their hunting the Hare.

9. Starr's but Shadows were, state were but sorrow,  
 Had they no Motion, nor that no delight;  
 Joyes are Jovial, delight is the marrow  
 Of life: and Action the Axle of might.

Pleasure depends  
 Upon no other friends,  
 And yet freely lends  
 To each vertue a share,  
 Only as measures,  
 The Jewell of pleasures,  
 Of pleasure the treasures  
 Of hunting the Hare.

10. Three broad Bowles to the Olympical Rector,  
 His *Troy* borne Eagle he brings on his knee,  
*Jove* to *Phæbus* Carowles in *Nector*,  
 And he to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me;  
 Wherewith infused,  
 I pip'd and I mused,  
 In songs unused  
 This sport to declare,  
 And that the Rouse of *Jove*,

*The second Part.*

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Round as his Sphere may move,  
Health to all that love  
Hunting the Hare.

---

*The Reading Beauty.*

1. **A**S to these lines she lent a lovely look,  
Whereon not minding me she mused,  
Her faire Aspect became my book,  
And I her eyes (as they these lines) perused;  
Love songs she read, to learn what love should be,  
And faster than she read she taught it me.

2. For as no studied rules like starrs above  
Can teach the knowledg of the skyes,  
To dive into the depth of love,  
There is no rule, no learning like her Eyes:  
Why stoops she then to things below her reach?  
Why reads she love, that she her self can teach?

3. Alas though we no other learning need  
In love, that may behold her face;  
She seeing not her selfe must read,  
To see what we so much desire to embrace.  
O that her selfe she saw: but O why so?  
She otherwise her self too much doth know.

F 3

4. Some

4. Some nicer lover would to see her muse  
 Bare envy to that happy book  
 Whereon she seems to doate, and use  
 To grant her slander by but halfe her looke:  
 But such to me let her aspect be still;  
 If one eye wounds so sore, two eyes will kill.
- 

*The more then Faire.*

1. **B**E more kind than you are,  
 Sweet love, or else lesse faire,  
 So shall I feel lesse care,  
 And you be no lesse rare.  
 To wound the heart,  
 Is beauties part;  
 But to restore  
 The love-sick sore,  
 Is to be more than faire.

2. If possible it were  
 Not to be what you are,  
 Be more kind, or lesse faire;  
 Use lips, and eyes forbear;  
 Your smiles are Lures,

My eyes adore,  
But lipps implore:

The kind are more than faire.

3. The Beauteous are not faire,  
Whose coyness breeds despaire;  
But those that freindly are,  
Are beauteous, though not faire.

Since to be kind,  
A beauteous mind,  
Doth best explore;  
Be kind therefore,  
And be far more than faire.

4. No longer let my care  
Consume my love in aire,  
But kindnesse to me bare,  
That I may say and swear

Of such as are  
But only faire,  
I knew before,  
The world had store:

But you are more than faire.

5. Bright eyes and smiles to beare,  
Is but a common weare:  
If you without compare,  
Will be as kind as faire,

And make me then  
More blessed than men,

As far as ore,

Your sexes store,

Your selfe are more than faire.

Of Jonny and Jinny.

1. **T**He pretty sweet Jinny late on a Hill,

Where Jonny the swain her see;

He run'd his quill, and sung to her still,

*Whoop Jinny come down to me.*

2. Though Jonny the valley, and Jinny the Hill,

Rept far above his degree;

He bore her good will, and sung to her still,

*Whoop Jinny come down to me.*

3. But high was she seated, and so was she minded,

His heart was humble as he;

Her pride had her blinded, his love had him bended,

*Whoop Jinny, &c.*

4. The mountain is bare, and subject to aire,

Here meddowes, here shaddowes be;

There burneth the Sun, here Rivers do run,

*Whoop Jinny &c.*

5. All

5. All flowers do grace the vallyes green face ,  
The mountain hath none but thee;  
Why wilt thou grow there, and all the rest here ?  
*Whoop Jinny &c.*
6. *Narcissus* his rose, *Adonis* here growes,  
That may thy examples be,  
Since they be came slaine, for pride and disdaine,  
*Whoop Jinny &c.*
7. There *Jinny* keeps sheep, here *Jonny* will keep  
Thy selfe and thy flock for thee;  
If *Jonny* be worthy to keep thy flock for thee,  
*Whoop Jinny &c.*
8. But pretty sweet *Jinny* was lov'd of so many,  
That little delight had she  
To think upon *Jonny*, that thought her so bonny,  
*Whoop Jinny &c.*
9. Though *Jinny* thought ill of *Jonny's* good will,  
Yet *Jonny* to *Jinny* was free;  
He followes quill, and he hollowes her still,  
*Whoop Jinny come down to me.*

## A Song.

1. **O** Love whose force and might  
No power ere withstood;  
Thou forcest me to write,  
Come turne about Robbin hood,

2. Her Cresses that were wrought  
Most like the golden snare,  
My loving heart has caught,  
As *Mos* did catch the Mare.

3. Grant pittie, else I dye,  
Love so my heart bewitches,  
With grieve I'll howle and cry,  
O how my elbow Itches.

4. Teares overflow my sight  
With Floods of daily weeping,  
That in the silent night  
I cannot rest for sleeping.

5. What is't I would not do  
To purchase one sweet smile;  
Bid me to *China* go,  
Faith I'll sit still the while.

6. But

6. But since that all reliefe  
And comfort doth forsake me,  
I'll kill my self with grief,  
Nay then the Devil take me.

7. Mark well my dolefull hap,  
Jove, Rector of the Thunder,  
Send down a fiery clap,  
And tear her smock asunder.

The Rhodomontade,

And his Wife.

(Grace

**I** Le tell you of a Leut,  
With a Nose like a Spout,  
Which some call a snout,  
And was so stout,  
That he had often fought,  
Full many about,  
With many a scout,  
And at 'em would shout,  
Then put 'um to th' rout,  
Nay beat 'em to a clout,  
Though in a great droucht,  
At men he would flout,  
And at women would pout,  
His food still was greut,

**H** Is Wife's name was  
And had a good Face  
Yet had but little grace,  
Shee'd kiss in any place,  
Nay, together a brace,  
Which some say is base,  
And some did her chace  
Into a pittifull case,  
She lov'd Clouds and Mace  
Her father car'd the Mace  
For the Mayor in a place  
She still wears lace,  
And will keep on her pace  
When she runs a race

For

Which bred him the gout  
 He was a true trout  
 To good Ale when he mout.  
 And did allways allow't  
 This you must not doubt  
 I've heard him to vow't  
 As he went in and out.

## The Sonne Jack,

Their sons name was Jack  
 Who was very black  
 And got many a knack  
 And seldome did lack  
 Unlesse Milk cal'd lac  
 Atardes he would pack  
 And was counted a quack  
 Nay, binbrought to the rack  
 For firing a siack  
 Of corn, in a back  
 Side, like a mad back  
 Made's bones to crack  
 Nay sometimes to cack  
 Till they gave him som sack  
 Nay, they held him tack  
 And did him thwack  
 And never did slack  
 Till he went to wrack  
 (smack)  
 Yet with's lips he would  
 And this is true of Jack.

For a very great space  
 She fishes with a dace  
 When she takes any place  
 When she dances she'l trau  
 She'l not bate you an ace  
 Of the truth of this she says.

## The Daughter Nel.

Their daughters nams Nel  
 Who poor thing did dwell  
 Full long in a Cell  
 And there twas she fell  
 That one rang her knell  
 Being fallen into Hell  
 The diuells to quell  
 And there I do smell  
 That she then did sell  
 Her ware very well  
 She made'em to yell  
 And likewise to swell  
 So they writ on a Shell  
 A very great Spell  
 As long as an ell  
 That she bore away the bell  
 For abusing in hell  
 She had no paralell  
 All this her self did tell,  
 And all done by Nell.

*A Song.*

Come hang up your care, and cast away sorrow;  
Drink on, hee's a sot that e're thinks of to morrow:  
Good store of Terse-Claret supplyes every thing,  
For a man that is drunk is as great as a King;  
Let no one with Crosses, or Losses repine,  
But take a full dose of the juice of the Wine.  
Diseases and troubles are nere to be found,  
But in the damp place where the glass goes not round.

---

A S O N G.

*The Tune, I'll go no more to the New  
Exchange.*

**N**Ever will I wed a Girle that's coy,  
Nor one that is too free;  
But she alone shall be my joy,  
That keeps a mean to me;  
For if too Coy, then I must court  
For a kisse as well as any;  
And if too free, I fear o'th' Sport,  
I then may have too many.

*Nelly*

2. *Nelly* a *Girl* was proud and coy,

But what good got she by it?

When they'd a mind to kisse and toy,

Then shee'd be still unquiet;

For of the four or five she had,

They all have left her now;

Her impertinent tricks did make 'em madd,

And so twou'd me, or you.

3. *Nanny* was a *Lasse* that was too free,

And amorous withall;

Shee'd ne're with any disagree,

But ready at their call;

That some her freeness did impute

Unto good nature in her,

Others have said, without dispute

Shee'd prove a private sinner.

4. Then for a *Girl*, that's not too free,

Or *Coy*, but at my call;

Yet handsome I wou'd have her be,

And obliging unto all;

That I may never say I have wed

A *Girl* that's starcht with *Pride*,

Or fool, or ugly, or ill bred,

I'de rather want a *Bride*.

*An Invitation to enjoyment.*

1. **C**OME, O come, I brook no stay,  
He doth not love that can delay;  
See how the stealing night,  
Hath blotted out the light,  
And Tapers do supply the day.

3. See the first Tapers almost gone,  
Thy flame like that will strait be none,  
And I as it expire,  
Not able to hold fire;  
She looseth time that lyes alone

4. O let us cherish then these powers,  
Whilst we may yet call them ours;  
Then we best spend our time,  
When no dull zealous Chime,  
But sprightful kisses strike the houres.

---

*The Rurall Dance about the May-pole.*

*The Tune, the first Figure dance at Mr. Young's Ball  
in May 71.*

1. **C**ome lasses and ladds,  
Take leave of your Dadds,  
And away to the *May-pole* hey;  
For every he  
Has got him a she  
With a Minstrill standing by;  
For *Willy* has gotten his *fill*,  
And *Jonny* has got his *fone*,  
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it,  
Jig it up and down.

2. Strike up sayes *Wat*,  
Agreed sayes *Kate*,  
And I prethee Fidler play,  
Content sayes *Hodge*,  
And so sayes *Madge*,  
For this is a Holliday.  
Then every man did put  
His Hat off to his Lasse,  
And every Girle did curchy,  
Curchy, curchy on the Grasse.

Begin

3. Begin says *Hall*,

I, I, says *Mall*,

Wee'l lead up *Packintons* pound,

No no, says *Noll*,

And so says *Doll*,

Wee'l first have *Sellengers* round;

Then every man began to foot it round about ;

And every Girle did jet it , jet it , jet it in and

(out.

4. Y'are out, says *Dick*,

'Tis a lye, says *Nick*,

The Fidler playd it false;

'Tis true, says *Hugh*,

And so says *Sue*,

And so says nimble *Alice*,

The Fidler then began to play the Tune agen;

And every Girle did trip it, trip it, trip it to the

(men.

Lets kifs, says *Jane*,

Content, says *Nan*,

And so says every she;

G

How

How many says *Batt*,  
 Why three says *Matt*,  
 For that's a maidens fee;  
 But they instead of three did give 'em halfe a score,  
 And they in kindnesse, gave 'em, gave 'em, gave 'em,  
 (as many more,

6. Then after an hour  
 They went to a bower  
 And play'd for Ale and Cakes,  
 And kisses too  
 Untill they were due,  
 The Lasses kept the stakes.  
 The Girles did then begin to quarrel with the men,  
 And bid 'em take their kisses back, and give 'em their  
 (own agen,

7. Yet there they fate,  
 Until it was late,  
 And tyr'd the Fidler quite,  
 With singing and playing,  
 Without any paying  
 From morning untill night.  
 They told the fidler then they'd pay him for his play,  
 And each a 2 pence, 2 pence, 2 pence gave him,  
 (and went away.

*The unconstant Lover.*

*The Tune, the second Figure dance at Mr. Young's  
Ball May 1671.*

1. **N**OW out upon this constant love,  
I never was unto't inclin'd,  
I hate within that Sphear to move,  
Where I to one must be confin'd.  
I love to range about, and gaze,  
And often haunt the parke and playes,  
A purpose for a Mistress new,  
Then bid the old one quite adue.
2. For he's for me, and only he  
That's constant to unconstancie;  
A day or two I can approve,  
But after that farewell to love:  
For every thing's to change inclin'd,  
As Women, and the Moon, and wind;  
Then why not wee as well as they,  
Since they have shew'd us all the way.
3. For constancie in Love is thought  
To bring poor Lovers to their end;  
Then constancy in Love is naught,  
When change brings every day a friend.

The constant fool is whining still,  
 But never can his fancy fill;  
 Whilst we can sing, and sport, and play,  
 And change our pleasure every day.

A mock to one that drank nothing but Water.

The Tune, *A lover I'me born, and*  
*a Lover I'll be.*

1. **F**OR *Bacchus* I'me born, and for *Bacchus* I'll be,  
 And wish from good wine I may never be free;  
 Let drinking abound, 'tis wine makes the creature,  
 It strengthens the braine, and helps decay'd nature,  
 For he that by drinking can turne the world round,  
 By *Bacchus* and *Venus* deserves to be crown'd.

2. With health after health let the glass keep the  
 Till t make our brains dance like a ship on the Ocean;  
 When our senses are pal'd, and our reason does fail,  
 A little sound sleep will supply a fresh gale.  
 Then with wine that is brisk, & a girl that is wooon,  
 Wee'l drink, & wee'l kifs, & wee'l never have done.

*The second Part.*

85

*The Drinking Song on two Mistrisses, the one  
furnish't them with wine, and t'other with money.*

*The Tune, The Gang.*

**C**OME boyes, leave off your toys,  
And trole about the sack;  
We know 'tis good to chear the blood,  
And fortifie the back.  
'Tis that will make you fat;  
And cherrish still the braine;  
Nay studd the face with such a grace,  
Like Rubies dy'd in grain.

2. Drink about, 'till all be out  
The drawer will fill t agen,  
A Pox o'th' Watch, ne're shut the hatch,  
The clock has struck but ten;  
Then a glasse to th' Jovial lasse,  
That fill'd our pates with wine;  
And here's another to the tother,  
That furnish't us with Coine.

3. Come drink, we want no chink;  
Hark how my pockets sound,  
Away with't then, come too't agen,  
Begin another round;

Then *Jack*, this Glas of Sack  
 Unto thy pretty *Nell*;  
 And here's to thine, this bowle of wine,  
 Dear *Tom*, thou lov'st so well.

4. Come says one, lets all be gone,  
 For our pates are throughly lin'd;  
 Yet he was bang'd, nay some say hang'd,  
 That left his drink behind;  
 Then all, began to call,  
 Come drawer whar's to pay?  
 Each took the cup, and drank it up,  
 And so they went away.
- 

*A Song.*

1. **L** Et Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please;  
 I'll no more on their Deities call,  
 Nor trouble the Fates, but give my self ease,  
 And be happy in spite of 'em all;  
 I will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her;  
 Or if I have not, I'll live better without her.

2. If she prove vertuous, oblieging and kind,  
 Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her;  
 But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,  
 I'de have her to know I'me above her,

For at length I have learn't, now my fetters are gone,  
To love if I please, or to let it alone.

## A S O N G.

1. **A**S I walkt in the woods one evening of late,  
A Lafs was deploring her haplesse estate,  
In a languishing posture poor maid she appears,  
All swell'd with her sighs, and blub'd with her tears:  
She sigh'd and she sob'd, and I found it was all,  
For a little of that which *Harry gave Doll*.

2. At last she broke out, wretched she said,  
Will no youth come succour a languishing maid,  
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,  
Without which alas poor I cannot live.  
Shall I never leave sighing and crying and all,  
For a little of that which *Harry gave Doll*.

3. At first when I saw a young man in the place,  
My colour wou'd fade, and then flush in my Face,  
My breath wou'd grow short, and I shiver'd all o're.  
My breasts never popt up and down so before;  
I scarce knew for what but now find it was all,  
For a little of that which *Harry gave Doll*.

## A Song.

**O** The sad Day  
When friends shall shake their heads, and say  
Of miserable me :

Hark how he Groanes,  
Look how he pants for breath,  
See see how he struggles with the pangs of Death;  
When they shall say of these dear Eyes,  
How hollow and how dim they be,  
Marke how his brest doth swell and rise  
Against his potent enemy :  
When some old friend shall step to my beds side,  
And touch my chill face, & thence shall gently slide;  
But when his next companions say,  
How does he do, what hopes? shall turne away,  
Answering only with a lift up hand,  
Who who can his fate withstand?  
Then shali a Gaspe or two do more  
Than e're my Rhetorick could before,  
Perswade the World to trouble me no more, no more,  
Perswade the world to trouble me no more.

*A Song.*

**O** Sorrow, Sorrow say where dost thou dwell?  
In the lowest room of Hell:  
Art thou born of Humane race?  
No, no, I have a furial face:  
Art thou of City, or Town, or Court?  
I to every place resort.  
Why, O why, into the world was sorrow sent?  
Men afflicted best repent.  
What dost thou feed on? Broken sleep.  
What tak'st thou pleasure in? to weep,  
To sob, to pine, to groane,  
To wring my hands, to sit alone.  
When, O when, shall sorrow quiet have?  
Never, never, never, never,  
Never till she finds a grave,  
Never 'till she finds a grave.

---

*A Song.*

**C**Heare up my Mate's, the wind does fairly blow,  
Clap on more saile, and never spare;  
Farewell all Lands, for now we are  
In the wide Sea of Drink,

And

And merrily, merrily, merrily we go.  
 Blesse me 'tis hot, another bowle of Wine,  
 And we shall Cut the burning Line.

Hey boyes she feuds away,  
 And by my head I know,  
 We round the world are sailing now.

What dulmen are those to tarry at home,  
 When abroad they may wantonly roame,  
 And gain such experience, and spie to  
 Such countries and wonders as I do?  
 But prethee good Pilot take heed what you do,  
 And fail not to touch at *Pern*;  
 With Gold there the vessel wee'l store,  
 And never never be poor,  
 No never be poor any more.

*The foolish proud Lover.*

I. **N**Or Love, nor Fate, can I accuse of hate,  
 That my *Clarinda* now is from me gone;  
 But I confesse, 'tis my unworthiness  
 That I in sorrow thus am left alone:  
 I doated on her, and thought to 'a won her,  
 But wo is me I still must think upon her,  
 Which is the cause of all my smart;

She

he lookt so pretty, and talkt so witty,  
None that ere I saw in Town or in City  
Ere like her could thus surprize my heart.

Had I set my heart, to have lov'd her but in part,  
As only to enjoy her angels face,  
Her curious eye, or cheeks of rosie die,  
Or lip, or any one peculiar grace;  
But my sad refusing one, must all be loosing.  
O that I had us'd discretion in my chusing,  
Then I might 'a liv'd, and not a dy'd:  
But like *Icarus* I by soaring up too high,  
With his waxen wings so nere the Sun to fly,  
Am justly punisht for my foolish pride.

O you Powers Divine, I'le offer at your shrine,  
If you will grant me this when I am gone;  
That no punishment on her her may e're be sent,  
The fault was only mine, and mine alone:  
Also I do crave, this benefit to have,  
That this *Motto* may be fixt upon my grave;  
Here's lyes one by foolish pride was slaine,  
That who ere comes near may gently shed a tear  
On my Hearse, and say, O 'twas severe,  
So small offence should breed such mic kle paine.

On

*On his Mistresse's Garden of Herbs.*

**H***Earts-ease*, an herb that sometimes hath bin seen  
 In my Loves garden plot to flourish green;  
 Is dead and wither'd with a wind of woe,  
 And bitter *Rue* in place thereof doth grow:  
 The cause I find to be, because I did  
 Neglect the Herb call'd *Time*, which now doth bid  
 Me never hope, nor look once more againe  
 To gaine *Hearts-ease*, to ease my heart of paine;  
 One hope is this, in this my woful case,  
 My *Rue*, though bitter, may prove Herbe of grace.

*The Italian Pedlar.*

1. **M**Aids see what you lack  
 Ere I open my pack,  
 For here is that will please you;  
 Do you dreame in your beds,  
 Or with your Maiden-heads  
 Be you troubled, I will ease you.

2. Is there any one among  
 These marry'd men strong,  
 Has a head of his Wives making?

I have capps to be worne, that shall cover his liorne,  
And keep his brow from aking.

3. Does any man mistrust, that his wife is unjust,  
Or that she loves to be ranging?

I have that in my box, which exceeds *Italian* locks,  
'Twill keep her Chast: that's a strange thing.

4. Is there any woman here, has bin married a year,  
And not bin made a Mother?

I have that at my back, shall supply her of that lack,  
And I'll use her for't, like a Brother.

5. I have fine Gloves for you and your Loves,  
Bands, Handkerchers, and Laees;  
And I've Knots and Roses, and many pretty posies,  
And masks for your bad faces.

6. I have fine bodkins to, that I can furnish you,  
To keep your Coifes from tearing;  
And I have precious stones, ordained for the nonce;  
Will delight you in the wearing.

7. I have that wherewith if you well rub your Teeth,  
They will look like Alabaster;  
And powder for your hair, that will make you look  
I wonder you come no faster. (fair:

8. Then

*Westminster Drollery,*

Then come away, and do not stay,  
For hence I must I tell you;  
or when that I am gone, you will hardly find one  
That such precious Ware can sell you.

---

*In praise of the Black-Jack.*

1. **B**E your liquor small, or as thick as mudd,  
The cheating bottle cryes, good, good, good,  
Whereat the master begins to storme,  
Cause he said more than he could performe,  
And I wish that his heires may never want Sack,  
That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.

2. No Tankerd, Flaggon, Bottle nor Jugg  
Are halfe so good, or so well can hold Tugg,  
For when they are broke or full of cracks,  
Then they must fly to the brave black Jacks,  
And I wish that his, &c.

3. When the Bottle and Jack stands together,  
(O fie on't,  
The Bottle looks just like a dwarfe to a Gyant;  
Then had we not reason Jacks to chuse,  
For this 'l make Boots, when the Bottle mends shooes,  
And I wish &c.

4. And

4. And as for the bottle you never can fill it  
Without a Tunnell, but you must spill it,  
'Tis as hard to get, in as 'tis to get out :  
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout.

5. And when we have drank out all our store,  
The Jack goes for Barme to brew us some more;  
And when our Stomacks with hunger have bled,  
Then it marches for more to make us some bread,  
*And I wish &c.*

6. I now will cease to speak of the Jack,  
But hope his assistance I never shall lack,  
And I hope that now every honest man,  
Instead of Jack will y'clip him *John*,  
*And I wish that his heirs may never want Sack,*  
*That first devis'd the bonny black Jack.*

A S O N G.

1. **C**elia I lov'd thee  
Though in vain you boast;  
But since I have prov'd thee,  
I find my labour lost,  
Many may to love pretend;  
But you will never find,  
Seek country o're, try any freind,  
One half so true, so kind;

2. Fare-

2. Farewell unkind one ,  
Since you so designe,  
And see if you can find one,  
Whose love can equal mine ;  
If by chance you meet a man,  
That may your fancy take,  
Be wise, be kind, do what you can,  
And love him for my sake;  
Yet in your chiefeft pleasure think  
How my poor heart doth ake.

3. Each hour sporting,  
Nothing can be more;  
Each minute courting,  
Like one nere lov'd before.  
But should he forsake his nest,  
And being wellfeather d fly  
From you, to be anothers guest,  
You'd sigh, and with me cry;  
I lov'd, and was not lov'd again,  
And so for love must die.

The Jealous, but mistaken Girl.

To the Scotch tune also.

1. **P**Rethee tell me *Phillis*,  
 Why so pensive now,  
 I see that sadness still is  
 Fixt upon thy brow;  
 And those charming eyes  
 That were of late so bright,  
 In sighs and tears,  
 And other fears,  
 Have almost lost their sight;  
 Let this suffice,  
 I sympathize  
 With thee both day and night.

2. *Damon* dost thou aske it,  
 Thou art the cause of all,  
 Therefore do not mask it,  
 For thou hast wrought my fall;  
 For I gave thee a Ring  
 Which thou hast *Cælia* gave,  
 Our true-loves band,  
 Twas on her hand,  
 Which Ring thy life did save;

H

But

But wo is me,  
Thy falsitie  
Has brought me to my grave.

3. *Damon* then began  
On *Phillis* for to smile,  
She call'd him perjur'd man,  
And should no more beguile,  
No my dearest *Phill*,  
I blame thy Jealousie;  
Our true-loves band  
Is on my hand  
Which thou didst give to me;  
And *Coridon*  
Made *Cælia* one,  
By that which came from thee.

4. Long she sate ashamed,  
And hid her bashfull head;  
Her jealousie she blamed,  
And said she was but dead,  
Unlesse that gentle *Damon*  
Pardon this offence,  
And let me rest  
Upon his brest,  
And there my suite commence;  
I shall not doubt  
To sue it out  
Before I came from thence.

5. Then he did embrace her,  
 And gave her kisses store,  
 And vow'd that he would place her  
 Where none was ere before,  
 That is, within his heart,  
 Which none shou'd ere remove,  
 In spite of fate  
 Would be her mate,  
 And constant be in love,  
 And I say she  
 As true to thee,  
 As is the Turtle-Dove.

---

*The Faire but Cruel Girl.*

1. **T**He Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,  
 No lesse than a wonder by nature design'd;  
 She's the grief of my heart, but joy of my eye,  
 The cause of my flame, that never can dye.

2. Her Lips, from whence wit obligingly flowes,  
 Has the colour of Cherryes, and smell of the Rose;  
 Love and Destiny both attends on her will,  
 She saves with a smile, with a frown she can kill.

3. The desperate Lover can hope no redresse;  
 Where beauty and rigour, are both in excesse:  
 In *Calia* they meet, so unhappy am I;  
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.

The Bathing Girles:

To the common Galliard-Tune.

1. **I**T was in *June*, and it was on *Barnaby Bright* too,  
 A time when the days are long, and nights are  
 (short,  
 A crew of merry Girles, and that in the night too,  
 Resolv'd to wash in a river, and there to sport;  
 And there (poore things) they then resolv'd to be  
 (merry too,  
 And with them did bring good store of jun-  
 (ketting stuffe,  
 As Bisket, and Cakes, and Sugar, and Syder, and  
 (Perry too,  
 Of each such a quantity, that was more than  
 (enough.
2. But mark what chanc't unto this innocent crew  
 (then,  
 Who

Who thought themselves secure from any care;  
They knew twas dark, that none could take a view  
(then;

And all did seem to be voyd of any feare;  
Then every one uncas'd themselves, both smock & all  
And each expected first who should begin;  
And that they might stay but an houre, they told the  
(Clock and all;

Then all in a Te-he-ing vaine did enter in.

3. But now comes out the Tale I meant to tell ye,  
For a Crew of Jovial Lads were there before,  
And finding there some viands for their belly,  
They eas'd em then poor hearts of all their store;  
Then every Lad fate down upon the Grasse there,  
And whisper'd thanks to th' Girls for their good  
(Cheare,

In which they drank a health to every Lads there,  
That then were washing & rinsing without any fear.

4. And when they had pleas'd (and fill'd) their  
(bellies and pallats too,  
They back did come unto the foresaid place,  
And took away their Smocks, and both their Wal-  
(lets too,  
Which brought their good Bubb, and left them in  
(pittifull case,

For presently they all came out toth' larder there,  
That it put 'em unto their shifts their Smocks to find,  
I think, says one, my shift is a little farder there,

I, I, says another, for yours did lye by mine.

5. At last, says one, the Divil a smock is here at all,  
The Devil, a bit of bread, or drop of drink,  
They've took every morsel of our good cheare and

(all

And nothing but Gowns and Petticoats left, as I  
(think,

At last, says one, if they'd give us our Smocks agen,  
And likewise part of what we hither brought,  
We shall be much oblig'd, and think 'em Gentlemen,  
And by this foolish example be better taught.

6. Although in the River they were as many as  
crickets there,

'Twixt laughing and fretting their state they did  
(condole;

And then came one of the Lads from out of the thick-  
(ets there;

And told 'em hee'd bring 'em their smocks, and what  
(was stole;

They only with Petticoats on, like Jipsies were  
(clad then,

He brought 'em their Smocks, and what he had pro-  
(mis'd before;

They

They fell to eat, and drink as if they'd been mad  
(there,  
And glad they were all, they'd got so much of their  
(store.

7. And when they all had made a good repast  
(there,  
They put on their cloths, and all resolv'd to be gone;  
Then out comes all the ladds in very great hast there,  
And every one to the other then was known;  
The girles did then conjure the ladds that were there,  
To what had past their lipps shou'd still be seal'd,  
Nay more than that they made 'em all to swear  
(there,  
To which they did, that nothing should be reveal'd.

8. Then each at other did make a pass at kissing  
(then,  
And round it went to every one level coile,  
But thinking that at home they might be missing  
(then,  
And fear'd that they had stay'd too great a while;  
Then hand in hand they alltogether marcht away,  
And every lad convey'd his Mistris home,  
Agen they kist, then every Lads her man did pray,  
That what had past, no more of that but *Mum.*

*The unparalel'd Lady:*

The Tune, 'Twixt Greece and Troy.

1. **W**hen first I saw my *Cœli*'s face,  
 O how my heart was Inflam'd with love;  
 I deem'd her of no humane race,  
 But Angell-like drop't from above;  
 Her Star-like eyes with their Glim'ring glances  
 Then shin'd so bright,  
 Like the greatest Comer, when we look upon it  
 'Till it takes away the sight.
2. Her Nose is like a Promontory,  
 Which over-looks some pleasant place,  
 Her Cheeks like Roses in their glory,  
 And Teeth of Oriental race;  
 Her Corall lipps, like the Cherryes when  
 They're growing on the Tree;  
 But the greatest Blifs is,  
 Thence to gather kisses,  
 Wou'd the cropp belong'd to me.
3. And underneath her snow-white neck,  
 There you may find an Ivory Piaine,  
 On which two Chrystal mounts are set  
 Tipt with a Ruby-fount in graine,

This

This is the place, which formerly was  
Call'd the milky-way.

O that I might tipple still  
At such a Nipple,  
And for ever there might stay.

4. Her hands are of so pure a white,  
That with the Swan they dare to vie;  
But when upon a Lure they light,  
Then you will hear such Harmony:  
But when her voice and that together  
Then play their parts, —  
You'd think the Spheres united,  
And thither had invited  
All, to Captivate their hearts.

5. Her feet were so Epitomiz'd,  
Like peeping-mice did still appear,  
That all the crew were then surpriz'd  
To see her dance a measure there;  
She mov'd so well, you'd think she had not  
Danc't then, but flown:

I would spend a Talent,  
For to be her Gallant,  
And call her still mine own.

## The Politick Girl.

The Tune *The Duke of Monmouths jigge.*

1. **M**Y dearest *Katy*, prethee be but constant now,  
 And whatsoe're is past, I shall forget I vow;  
 Do thou be kind, and give me but thy hand upon't,  
 And for my faith thou need'st not doubt or stand  
 (upon't;

I'll furnish thee with all the Cakes in season still,  
 And whatsoe're thou shalt desire in reason still;  
 Nay more than that, thy Annal due I'll pay to thee,  
 And in all moderate things will still give way to thee.

2. I must confess thy Pension came but slow of late,  
 Which is the cause I think that thou didst change thy  
 (mate;

For when the Sinewy-part of love is took away,  
 We know the strength thereof will lessen every day:  
 But now thou know'st the Tide is turn'd my Bonny  
 (Kate,

My fathers dead, and we shall want no mony Kate;  
 For he by Will has made me heire of all my dear,  
 That we no more in debt I hope shall fall my dear.

3. Thou

3. Thou seest how plainly now I've told my mind  
(to thee,  
And also find'st that I will still be kind to thee;  
What Remora then can stop the course of joining  
(now  
Our hearts and hands, come Kary no repining now;  
She told him then, do you forgive but my past faults,  
And I will likewise pardon all your by past faults;  
He call'd her then his Mistriss and his goddess to,  
And then they join'd their hands & lip's & body to.

(agree,  
4. Thus have you seen this jarring couple now  
And all mistakes are now knit up in Amirie,  
She slighted all addressees he did make to her,  
Because she found his purse could never speak to her;  
But when she saw the Ginny-birds to fly agen,  
She then resolv'd the knot of love to tye agen,  
And so 'twill last 'till all the birds are fled and gone,  
Then march her self, and give it out she's dead and  
(gone,

The

*The Amorous Girl.*

To the Tune of *The crab of the wood.*

1. **T**Here's none so pretty,  
 As my sweet *Betty*,  
 She bears away the Bell;  
 For sweetness and neatnesse,  
 And all compleatnesse,  
 All other *Girles* doth excell.

2. When ever we meet,  
 Shee'l lovingly greet  
 Me still with a how dee' doe;  
 Well I thank you, quoth I,  
 Then she will reply,  
 So am I Sir the better for you.

3. I askt her how,  
 She told me, not now,  
 For walls had eares and eyes;  
 Nay she bid me take heed,  
 What ever I did,  
 For 'tis good to be merry and wise.

4. Then I took her by th' hand,  
 Which she did not withstand,

And

And I gave her a smirking kifs;  
She gave me another  
Just like the tother;  
Quoth I, what a comfort is this?

5. This put me in heart  
To play o're my part  
That I had intended before;  
But she bid me to hold,  
And not be too bold,  
Untill she had fastned the doore.

6. Then she went to the Hatch;  
To see that the Latch  
And cranies were all cocksure,  
And when she had done,  
She bid me come on,  
For now we were both secure.

7. And what we did there,  
I dare not declare,  
But think that silence is best;  
And if you will know,  
Why I kist her, or so,  
But I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

The

## The two vertuous Sisters.

## The Tune The Gun-fleet.

1. **M**Y Cozen Moll's an arrant whore,  
 And so is her sister Kate,  
 They kickt their mother out o' dore,  
 And broke their Fathers pate;  
 And all because they crav'd a bit,  
 I mean a bit alone Sir,  
 For they with a bit wou'd give 'em a knock,  
 That's a bit and a knock, or none Sir.
2. They'r cleanly too, I needs must say,  
 As any Girles i'th towne,  
 They sweep the house a new found way,  
 That's once a quarter round;  
 So fine 'tis kept, that when 'tis swept,  
 I speak t in their defence Sir,  
 'Twill yeild at a spurt, in dust and dirt,  
 Come fourteen or fifteen pence Sir.
3. So fine and neate they dresse their meat,  
 I thought it alwayes best  
 To let it alone, 'till all was gone,  
 And then to eat the rest;

For

For he that puts a bit in his guts,  
 And did but see the dressing,  
 No Physick could e're give a vomit so cleare,  
 Which I think is a notable blessing.

4. Some Whores are counted shifters to,

But they did hate 'em all,  
 They shift their Smocks with much ado

But every Spring and Fall.

They say 'tis good to cleanse the blood,

And think 'em worth the turning,

And when they're black upon their back,

They call it inside mourning.

5. They will be drunk a little to,

I mean but twice a day,

They'll swear and roare, and drink and spew,

And then they down will lay,

And so they'll sleep, till day 'gin peep,

Then call for more by dozens,

And to my freind there's now an end

Of both my dirty Cozens.

*The beneficial wedding.*The Tune, *Phil: Porters dreame.*

**A**Nd I have a mind to be marry'd,  
 And so has you know who,  
 Wee both too long have tarry'd,  
 And therefore I mean to woe:  
 Then I did give her a Buss;  
 And she gave me a ring,  
 And so we bust, and kist and bust,  
 And kist like any thing.

2. Her Grandfire gave her a Cow, and again I  
 And her Grannam a Ewe and Lambe,  
 She say'd she'd suckle it too,  
 Untill it had left the dam;  
 Her Uncle gave her a hogge,  
 Her Aunt a Teeming Sow,  
 For Bacon and sowse, to keep the house,  
 And make 'em puddings enow.

3. Her father gave her a Gowne,  
 Her Mother a Petticote,  
 Which was of a mingl'd brown,  
 The best that cou'd be bought;

Her

Her brother gave her a Cock,  
And her sister a breeding Hen,  
To tread and breed, and breed and tread,  
And tread, and breed agen.

3. Her Cozent took a Care,  
To give her a Rug was new,  
His wife did give her a paire  
Of Sheets and Blankets too;  
But she had a speciall friend  
That was a young Upholster,  
You must not know the reason now,  
Did give her a Bed, and a Bolster.

4. A friend did give her a Waistcoat,  
And Hose, and Shooes, and Hat,  
Another did give her a lac't Coat,  
But 'tis no matter for that  
So long as 'tis our own,  
No matter how it come,  
They keep her fine, and give her VVine,  
But no more of that but Mum.

5. Another did take her a house,  
and pay'd a Twelvemonths Rent,  
And furnish'd me and my spouse  
With what at the Wedding was spent;

I

Then

Then we desir'd to know,  
 What trade we both should drive;  
 They say'd good Ale wou'd never fail  
 If ever we meant to thrive.

6. We both are fitted now I think,  
 With store of household stuff,  
 And likewise cloths and meat and drink  
 As much as is enough;  
 But if we chance to want,  
 My Wife has store of freinds,  
 Which I connive at, because they'r private,  
 And so our Wedding ends.

*A S O N G.*

1. **G**Et you gone, you will undo me,  
 If you love me don't pursue me,  
 Let that inclination perish,  
 Which I dare no longer cherish,  
 Be content y'ave won the field,  
 'Twere base to hurt me, now I yield.

2. With harmless thoughts I did begin,  
 But in the crow'd love enterr'd in  
 I knew him not, he was so gay,  
 So innocent, so full of play.

Is ported thus with young desire,  
Chear'd with his light, freed from his fire.

3. But now his teeth and claws are grown,

Let me this fatal Lyon shun;  
You found me harmless, leave me so,  
For were I not, you'd leave me too;  
But when you change remember still,  
'Twas my misfortune not my will.

A S O N G.

*Being an Answer to give o're foolish heart, pro-  
were the Gods so severe, and to that Tune.*

1. **H**E's a fool in his heart, that takes any care  
Of Womens vain words be they never so fair;  
Though she sighs and pretends unto Love ne'r so  
Shee's double in heart, and betrays with her  
They still are as false as they were heretofore,  
Their nature is such, they can ne'r give it o're.

2. They would by their craft's of which they have  
Inveigle mens hearts their looks to adore,

And if they once find they cannot prevail,  
 Overcharg'd with despight their faces grow pale;  
 There's nothing that can their fancy please more,  
 Than to see foolish men their feature adore.

3. They would by their frowns to observance per-  
 (swade,  
 The men they do fancy their slaves they have made,  
 And to be sure they will Tyranize more,  
 If a man do but once their pitty implore.  
 Why then should we men frail Women adore,  
 Since their pride is so great, and their pitty no more,

4. But sure all that Sex can ne'r prove so vain,  
 To sport or delight in a true-lovers pain;  
 When a languishing eye in a Lover they view  
 To their cruelty sure, they must needs bid adieu;  
 Where good humour I find, I there will adore,  
 Say the world what it will, I will never give o're.

---

*A mock to the Song of Harry gave Doll,  
 and to that Tune.*

1. **A**S I walk't in the woods one Evening of late,  
 A Girl was deploring her hapless estate;

She

She sigh'd and she sob'd ; Ah ! wretched she said ,  
Will no youth come suck a languishing Maid ?  
*Shall I sigh and cry, and look pale and wan,  
And languish for ever for want of a man?  
Shall I sigh and cry and look pale and wan,  
And languish &c.*

2. Alas when I saw a young man in the place,  
My colour did fade, and then flush in my face,  
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o're,  
I thought 'twas an Ague, but alas it was more:  
*For e're since I have sigh'd, and do what I can,  
I find I must Languish for want of a man;  
For e're since I have sigh'd, and do what I can,  
I find I must, &c.*

3. In bed all the night, I weep on my pillow,  
To see some Maids happy, whilst I wear the Willow,  
I revenge my self on the innocent sheet,  
Wherein I have oft made my teeth for to meet,  
*But I fear 'tis in vain, let me do what I can,  
I must languish for ever for want of a man;  
But in my despair, I'll dye if I can.  
And languish no longer for want of a man.*

## A Late Song.

1. **H**OW charming are those pleasant pains,  
Which the successful lover gains.

O! how the Longing spirit flies,  
On scorching sighs from dying eyes,  
Whose intermixing rayes impart,  
Loves welcome message from the heart?

2. Then how the Active pulse growes warm  
To every sense gives the allarm  
But oh the rashness, and the qualmes  
When Love unites the melting Palmes!  
What extasies, what hopes and feares,  
What pretty talk, and Amorous tears?

3. To these a thousand vows succeed,  
And then, O me, still we proceed,  
'Till sense and souls are bath'd in bliss,  
Think dear *Aminda* think on this,  
And curse those hours we did not prove  
The ravishing delights of Love.

A New S O N G.

*Marriage All a Mode.*

1. **W**Hilst *Alix* lay prest  
In her armes he lov'd best,  
With his hands round her Neck,  
And his head on her breast.  
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,  
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

2.

When *Cælia* saw this,  
With a sigh and a kiss,  
She cry'd, oh my dear, I am rob'd of my bliss;  
'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done  
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

3.

The youth though in hast,  
And breathing his last,  
In pitty dyed slowly, whilst she dyed more fast;  
'Till at length she cry'd, now my Dear, now let us go,  
Now dye my *Alix*, and I will die too.

I 4

Thus

4.

Thus intranc'd they did lye,  
 'Till *Alix* did try,  
 To recover new breath, that again he might dye;  
 Then often they did; but the more they did so,  
 The Nymph did more quick, and the shepherd more  
 (slow.

*The first new Song in Marriage All a Mode.*

1. **O** Love if e're thou lt ease a heart,  
 That owes the Power Divine,  
 That bleeds with thy too cruel dart,  
 And pines with never ceasing smart,  
 Take pittie now on mine.  
 Under the shades I fainting lye,  
 A thousand times I wish to dye;  
 But when I find cold death so nigh,  
 I grieve to lose my pleasing pain,  
 And call my wishes back again.

2. But thus as I fate all alone  
 I'th shady mirtle grove,  
 And to each gentle sigh and moan,  
 Some neighbouring Eccho gave a grone,

Came

Came by the man I love.  
O how I strove my grief to hide?  
I panted, Blusht, and almost dyed',  
And did each ratling Eccho chide,  
For fear some breath of moving Air  
Should to his Ears my sorrows bear.

3. But, O ye Powers, I'de dye to gain,  
But one poor parting kiss;  
And yet I'de be on racks of pain  
Ere I'le one thought or wish retain  
Which honour thinks amiss:  
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,  
By love and nature both abus'd,  
Our tender hearts all ease refus'd,  
And when we burn with secret flame  
Must bear the grief, or dye with shame.

---

*To the Tune of I past all my hours in a  
shady old Grove.*

1. **I** Posted my self by the wings of my fete,  
Through a Defart complaining the loss of my  
(mate,

Where

Where the little Birds throng'd in flights they  
(appear,

For to help me lament the loss of my Dear ;

*Then pitty, O pitty, sweet Ladies my pain*

*That loveth, that loveth in vain.*

2. Each hour they befriended me in making my  
(Bed,

And brings me green leaves to lay under my head,

Where I rest my poor Carkefs o're tyr'd with woe,

And the boughes all the Covering the wood can  
(bestow,

*Then pitty, &c.*

3. Sometimes in a Dream I imagine I see

The glance of his Figure presented to me ;

When I think I embrace her in *Phillis's* bed,

But when I awake, O my true love is fled,

*Then pitty, &c.*

Then I wish't I had layn all my dayes in a dream ,

That my tortured sorrows like pleasures might seem

To Crown my poor heart as if *Phillis* was found,

But lost on a suddain, oh the cruel wound,

*Then pitty, &c.*

*A Theatre Song.*

**I** Must confesse not many years ago,  
'Twas death when e're my Mistress answer'd no;  
Then I was subject to her Female yolk,  
And stood or fell by every word she spoke;  
But now I find the Intregues of love to be,  
Nought but the Follies of our infancy.

2. I can a Rich or handsome Lady Court,  
Either for my convenience or for sport;  
But if the one be proud or the other Coy,  
I cannot break my sleep for such a Toy;  
My heart is now for all assaults prepar'd,  
And will not be commanded or insnar'd.

---

*The new Song in Charles the eighth set by  
Mr Pelham Humphrey's.*

**O**H love if ere thou wilt ease a heart  
That ownes thy power Divine,  
And bleeds with thy too cruel dart;  
Take pittie now on mine;  
Under thy Shades I fainting lye,  
A thousand times I wish'd to die;  
But when I find cold death too nigh,

I grieve to lose my pleasing pain  
And call my wishes back again.

And thus as I sat all alone  
In the shady mirtle Grove;  
And to each gentle sigh and moan  
Some neighbouring Eccho gave a groan,  
Came by the man I love;  
O how I strove my greif to hide,  
I panted, blush'd and almost dyed,  
And did each tatling Ecchoe chide,  
For fear some breath of moving air  
Should to his ears my sorrow bear.

And Oh you powers, I dye to gain  
But one poor panting kifs,  
Glad yet I'de be on racks of paine,  
Ere I'de one thought or wish retain  
That honour thinks amiss:  
Thus are poor maids unkindly us'd,  
By love and nature both abus'd,  
Our tender hearts all ease refuse;  
And when we burn with secret flame,  
Must bear our greifs, or dye with shame.

On his Mistris that lov'd Hunting.

1. **L**eave *Cælia*, leave the woods to chase,  
'Tis not a sport, nor yet a place  
For one that has so sweet a face.
2. Nets in thy hand, Nets in thy brow,  
In every limb a snare, and thou  
Dost lavish them thou car'st not how.
3. Fond Girle these wild haunts are not best  
To hunt : nor is a Savage beast  
A fit prey for so sweet a breast.
4. O do but cast thine eyes behind,  
I'le carry thee where thou shalt find  
A tame heart of a better kind.
5. One that hath set soft snares for thee,  
Snares where if once thou fettered be,  
Thou t never covet to be free.
6. The Dews of *April*, the VVinds of *May*  
That flowr's the Meads, and glads the Day  
Are not more soft, more sweet than they.

7. And

7. And when thou chancest for to kill,  
 Thou needst not fear no other ill  
 Than Turtles suffer when they Bill.

---

*On a Scriv'ner.*

**H**ere to a period is a *Scriv'ner* come;  
 This is his last sheet, full point and total sum  
 Of all aspersions, I excuse him not,  
 'Tis plain, he liv'd not without many a blot;  
 Yet he no ill example shew'd to any,  
 But rather gave good coppies unto many.  
 He in good Letters allwayes had been bred,  
 And hath writ more, then many men have read.  
 He Rulers had at his command by law,  
 Although he could not hang, yet he could draw.  
 He did more, Bondmen make then any,  
 A dash of's pen alone did ruine many,  
 That not without all reason we may call  
 His letters great or little, Capitall;  
 Yet 'tis the Scrivner's fate as sure as Just,  
 When he hath all done, then he falls to dust.

## On a Sexton.

I many graves have made, yet injoy'd none,  
 This which I made not, I possess'd alone;  
 Each corps without imbalming it did serve  
 My life like precious balsome to preserve;  
 But death then kind was, now cruel found I have;  
 Robbing me of life, without my living grave;  
 And yet 'twas kind still to, for in the grave  
 Where once I labour had, now peace I have;  
 I made good use of time, and night and day  
 Took care and heed, how th' hours go away,  
 I still was ready for a grave, nor shall  
 I grieve at what I most joy'd, a Funeral  
 As I was wont, no not so prone as then,  
 Out of the grave I shall arise agen.

## On a FART.

I Sing the praises of a Fart,  
 That I may doo't by terms of Art;  
 I will invoke no deitie,  
 But butter'd Pease and Furmetie;  
 And think their help sufficient  
 To fit and furnish my intent;  
 When *Virgils* gnat, and *Ovids* flea,  
 And *Homers* frog strove for the day;

There

There is no reason in my mind,  
Why a Fart should come behind,  
Since that we may it paralel,  
With any thing that doth excell;  
Musick is but a Fart that's sent,  
From the guts of an Instrument;  
The Scholler Farts, when he gains  
Learning with cracking of his Brains,  
And when he hath spent much pain and oyl,  
*Thomas* and others to reconcile,  
For to learn the distracting art,  
What doth he get by it? not a Fart;  
The thunder that does roar so loud  
Is but the Farting of a Cloud;  
And if withall the wind do stirr up  
Rain, then 'tis a Farting Sirrup;  
The Soldier makes his foes to run,  
With but the farting of a Gun,  
That's if he make the Bullers whistle,  
Else 'tis no better then a fizzle;  
Fine boats that by the times about,  
Are but Farts several Docks let out;  
They are but Farts, the words we say,  
Words are but words, and so are they;  
Farts are as good as Land, for both  
We hold in Tail, and let 'em both;  
As soon as born they by and by  
Fart-like but only sing and dye;

Applause

Applause is but a Fart, the rude  
 Blast of the whole multitude;  
 And what is working Ale I pray;  
 But Farting Barne, which makes a way  
 Out at the bunghole, by farting noise,  
 When we do hear it's sputtring voice;  
 And when new drank, and without hopps,  
 It makes us fart, and seldom stops.  
 I more of Farts would write I vow;  
 But for my gutts I cannot now,  
 For now they wonderfully rumble,  
 And my stomach begins to grumble,  
 Which makes me think that Farts e're long  
 Will at my nock there find a Tongue,  
 And there sing out their own praises,  
 In thundring and in choaking Phrases;  
 Where I leave them, and them to you,  
 And so I bid you all adieu.  
 What I have said take in good part,  
 If not, I do not care a Fart,

---

*Silence the best Weeper.*

1. **W**Rong not dear Empress of my heart,  
 The merits of true passion,  
 With thinking that he feels no smart,  
 That sues for no compassion.

K

2. Since

2. Since that my thoughts serve not to prove  
The conquest of your Beauty,  
It comes not from defect of Love,  
But from excesse of dury.
3. For think you that I sue to serve  
A Saint of such perfection,  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection.
4. I rather chuse to want reliefe,  
Than venture the relieving,  
VVhen glory recommends the griefe,  
Despair distrust's th'achieving.
5. Thus the desires that aime too high  
For any mortall lover,  
VVhen reason cannot make 'em dye,  
Discretion doth them cover.
6. Yet when discretion doth believe,  
—The Plaints that they shall utter;  
Then thy discretion may perceive,  
That Silence is a Sutor.
7. Silence in Love bewrayes more woe,  
Than words though nere so witty;

The

*The second Part.*

The begger that is dumb you know  
Deserveth double pittie.

8. Then misconceive not, dearest heart,  
My true though secret passion;  
He smarteth most that hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion.

---

*Beauty is not the guide to affection.*

**O**F Beauty there's no rule. neither can be,  
Since that I like, pleases not him, nor thee.  
One likes a dimpled Cheek, a double chin,  
One likes a sparkling Eye, and so agen;  
One likes a lusty lass, to quench his fire,  
Another might he have but his desire  
Would reject all we have nam'd before,  
And nor double Chin, nor dimpled cheeke adore,  
Neither would care for Sparkling Eye a bit,  
And reject Lustiness, but adore VVit;  
One likes a Lady that is short, and small;  
Another one perhaps that's big and tall;  
You like a Lady cause shee's very free,  
I don't, for fear I should cornured be;  
One likes a VVoman, for such, and such a grace,  
One cares for nothing but a handsome face;

One loves to see flaxen locks hang down,  
Another man delights in lovely brown.  
Thus all men vary you do see, and now  
Where's the good man I pray that kiss'd the Cow?

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**F I N I S.**

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